



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

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"The cheapest magazine for the amount of matter published in the United States."

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"The oldest and the best."

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXI. }

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

LAMENT FOR A MOCKING-BIRD.

SILENCE, instead of thy sweet song, my bird,
Which thro' the darkness of my winter days,
Warbling of summer sunshine still was heard—
Mute is thy song, and vacant is thy place.

The spring comes back again, the fields re-
joice,
Carols of gladness ring from every tree;
But I shall hear thy wild triumphant voice
No more—my summer song has died with
thee.

What did'st thou sing of? O my southern
bird!
The broad, bright, brimming river, whose
swift sweep
And whirling eddies, by thy home are heard,
Rushing, resistless to the calling deep.

What did'st thou sing of? thou melodious
sprite!
Pine forests, with smooth russet carpets
spread,
Where e'en at noonday dimly falls the light,
Thro' gloomy blue-green branches overhead.

What did'st thou sing of? O thou jubilant
soul!
Ever-fresh flowers, never-leafless trees,
Bending great ivory cups to the control
Of the soft swaying orange-scented breeze.

What did'st thou sing of? thou embodied
glee!
The wide wild marshes with their clashing
reeds
And topaz-tinted channels, where the sea
Daily its tides of briny freshness leads.

What did'st thou sing of? O thou winged
voice!
Dark, bronze-leaved oaks, with silver mosses
crowned,
Where thy free kindred live, love, and re-
joice,
With wreaths of golden jasmine curtained
round.

These did'st thou sing of—spirit of delight,
From thy own radiant sky, thou quivering
spark!
These, thy sweet southern dreams of warmth
and light,
Thro' the grim northern winter drear and
dark.
Temple Bar.

FANNY KEMBLE.

THE HOLLOW.

THE hollow in the old oak-tree,
Where happy children play,
Where woodbines climb and cling amid
The roses' clustering spray;

The hollow in the old oak-tree,
Where happy lovers meet,
To linger long and whisper low
Upon its mossy seat;

The hollow in the old oak-tree,
Where old men feebly come,
To tell their tales and crack their jokes,
Or ere they totter home;

The hollow in the old oak-tree,—
One haunts it when the moon
Gleams on the dewy wood-walks, close
Beside the streamlet's tune,

Upon the roughened bark to spend
Hot kisses, passionate tears;
To murmur to the old oak-tree,
Life's grief for Love's lost years.

All The Year Round.

THE VIOLETS.

SNOW in the air, and snow on the fields, and
snow, cold snow on the hill.
Calmly the lilies are sleeping yet, and violets
sleeping still.

Time ye were waked, 'tis time ye were stirred;
we wait your promise of May,
And the modest sheen of your purple and
green thrusting the snow away.

Yet shall the violets wake, I know, and earth
shall be glad once more;
But, oh! for a spring to revisit the souls
whose springtime once is o'er.
Never a flower or a bud for them, but only a
wintry glow:
But only to sit with hopeless-eyes and gaze in
vain at the snow.

Violets nursed by Spring's soft hand, then
fall'n by a despot's sway!
Not of themselves did the violets die; souls
of themselves decay.
Sweetly the violets lived their lives, contented
in sun and in rain.
Who helpless were made to blossom and fade
sweetly shall blossom again.

Since not your winter yourselves ye brought,
violets! rightly ye wake.
Right, too, alas! that souls should sleep—
souls which their winter make.
So violets gay may laugh at decay, with many
a springtime in store.
So keep your spring while ye may, ye souls;
once passed it shall come no more.

St. James's Gazette.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE SWARMING OF MEN.

READERS of "Sartor Resartus" will remember a great passage in which is pictured forth the march of men across the theatre of the world. The passage is famous. It has been quoted again and again as an expression of the highest genius of the writer. Those who have not been moved and carried away by it must needs be regarded as dead to Mr. Carlyle's power—as incapable of being fired by his inspiration. It is not needful to quote the pages anew. A phrase or two will recall them to those who have once felt their influence. By them, as the words are uttered, the vision will be seen. Generation after generation will again take to itself the form of a body and appear. Once more we emerge from the inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth, and plunge again into the inane. I go back upon these well-known sentences, because through them the reader may be led to take the standpoint I would ask him to assume. The idealist shall help my prose. We too may try to survey, if in a different mood and for a different purpose, the pomp, the procession of life. Without straining our eyes unduly, we may assist at another and yet not wholly foreign review. We may see myriads of men rush into being; thronging, pressing, spreading wherever a point seems vacant of life, and then again passing out of being whilst new myriads swarm upon their traces before they have well disappeared. How this cloud of being comes and goes; why this spot is darkened with the thickening mass, whilst that other is covered with a thinner and ever thinner veil; in what way the moving particles of the stream of humanity contribute to shape its course and volume—these are the speculations one would fain pursue. The enterprise is ambitious, but the task is as fine as it is difficult, and however little may be accomplished, that little ought not to be without some value.

But first let me narrow the scope of the inquiry. In the historic retrospect of the movement of men we are continually presented with the spectacle of some new breed bursting in upon fields already occu-

pied by fellow-creatures possessing feebleness of resistance than they of onslaught; with the result that the new breed subjugates and enslaves their fore-runners, or, as in some cases, pushes them wholly out of existence. The process may be repeated again and again, so that traces may be discovered of layer after layer of victorious invaders; and those who were most successful and most thorough in the displacement of their predecessors are sometimes found clamoring against the displacement that visits them in turn, as though they were the aboriginal and exclusive occupants of the lands they inhabit. About these great migrations of force, which have descended so often torrent-like upon the wide Indian peninsula, and have more than once swept Europe from end to end, I have little or nothing to say. They run through history; they stretch back through prehistoric generations; they afford endless scope for most alluring and, what appears to my ignorance, most uncertain speculation; but, except as illustrations of the strength and energy of what may be called new tides of existence, I do not refer to them. They deserve to be remembered as such illustrations. The same passion of dominant being that worked its way in the past through the enforced servitude thus imposed upon others, may be driving its possessors to-day by more legitimate means to victory in the struggle for existence; but it is in this light only that we can regard such movements. My restricted inquiry, and it will be wide enough, must be limited to a survey of such migrations as have been, and are witnessed in our own times, and mainly among our own people and kinsfolk. Even in our own narrow isle we may see a pushing and crowding, a thickening and thinning of the mass of life, the swelling floods of being rising in strength, and the ebbing tide leaving shores vacant that were once overflowing; and if we turn to the continents, whither the English-speaking stream has been carried, we may see in yet more striking shape the movement of men. We need not concern ourselves with the march of military marauders. Though we may not venture to say that such a phenomenon of the past

cannot recur, yet it is so foreign to our experience that it is enough for the present to follow the growth and outgrowth of a free industrial population. So also may we abstain from entering upon that speculation which has occupied so many minds of the analogy between the lives of nations and the lives of men. It may be that for the former as for the latter there is a term fixed. It may be that the energy of character of a breed must wear itself out. Perhaps the time must come when all the attributes of vitality of a national stock must dwindle. This has happened so often that, struggle against it as we may, the suspicion may be just, that there is a necessity compelling this conclusion; but we do not enter upon the inquiry here. It is of intensest interest, but must be left unattempted.

Let us turn then our eyes homeward, and see how our thronging population has grown and spread. England and Wales contained something less than nine millions in 1801. Then for the first time was there an accurate count. Proposals had been made before, and a bill was brought into Parliament in 1753, for taking a census of the kingdom, but the project was denounced and defeated as an insult to God and man. An attempt to number the people was a manifest impiety, and it was almost as clearly seen that it covered some iniquitous design of taxing anew a harassed nation. So the plan failed till in 1801 our forefathers were counted, and it was found that 8,892,536 persons were living in England and Wales. Less than nine millions then, it is certain that there are more than three times as many now. At the last counting there were close upon twenty-six millions (25,974,439), and that was made six years and three-quarters since. The present estimate is 28½ millions. We have more than trebled during this century—a very small breadth in the life of a people. If we look back beyond 1801 we must trust to conjectures; but there was a rough calculation made just three centuries since, when England was threatened by the Spanish Armada, and the best estimate of the population of that time put it at about 5,500,000. People did not jostle one another much in “the

spacious times of great Elizabeth;” but indeed there was room enough to move about in 1801. The increase in 220 years was not much more than half, just 60 upon 100, whilst in the subsequent years two have been added to every one that existed before. In view of this disparity of increase, it is a natural question to ask whether the growth has been uniformly maintained since 1801, or whether our numbers are continually increasing at a faster ratio. The answer may be unexpected: we grew most at the beginning of the century. The first decade was a period of practically continuous war, but yet the numbers added exceeded 14 to the 100. The second half of the next ten years was a time of peace, and the numbers swelled so that more than 18 were added to every 100 counted at the beginning of this decade. But that proved to be the top of the tide. Although the addition in the next ten years was nearly 16 per cent. there was a decline, and every successive period showed a less and less rate of increase till 1851–61, when it fell below 12 per cent., and then, taking a turn, it ran to 13·19 per cent. in 1861–71, and to 14·36 in the years 1871–81. The maximum was 1811–21, the minimum 1851–61, from which it has been rising to another maximum not yet ascertained, although indeed it may be overpast. The mass has always been growing, but not with the same intensity; the rate fell away, it recovered, and there may be some reason to think it has again declined. But has the increase all come from within? Is this triplication of numbers wholly due to the growth of the English people, or is it in any, and, if so, in what, measure borrowed from immigration from many lands, or at least from other portions of the United Kingdom? The hospitality of our shores is great—we sometimes hear it muttered nowadays that it is too free; and De Foe proved long ago that the true-born Englishman was a mongrel product of many breeds. Do our numbers come from such importations? We are not without the means of answering the question. Although we number the population only once in ten years, we are day by day numbering domestic additions and sub-

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tractions — the births and deaths, the difference between which is the first great element affecting the total. Adding to the population at the beginning of a decade the births in that interval, and subtracting from the sum the recorded deaths, we might expect to find a result not far different from the population at the end. In truth this result is always greater than the population we do ascertain by counting. Some have disappeared. It might be thought they had died without their deaths being recorded, but this is not a probable explanation. Error is easier and more likely in the omission to register births than to register deaths, and we fall back on a second explanation that there has been a balance of emigration from the kingdom. And this we know to be the fact. Records are kept, though necessarily not perfectly, of those who leave and arrive at our ports; and they show a continuous outpouring of life. This rate also has not been uniform. It has risen and fallen; but the flow, though varying in volume, maintains the same direction. There is yet another light in which this can be tested. We know the number of persons found living in England and Wales on the census-day of 1881 who were not born within the frontier (1,118,617); we know the number of English found on the same day in the other parts of the United Kingdom (178,191); we know the number of English and Welsh in the United States at their census in 1880 (745,978), and similarly in Canada in 1881 (169,504), and in the Australian colonies in the same year (499,922); and a comparison of these figures, in which the European continent, Asia, and Africa are wholly disregarded, shows that far more English-born people are found out of England than out-born people are found within it. The difference would be much more startling if we extended the comparison to the immigrants and emigrants of the United Kingdom, but, remembering that we are speaking at present of England and Wales only, it must be repeated that, while within the narrow limits the quantity of human life has been multiplied threefold, our overplus has flowed over and beyond them to the uttermost parts of the earth.

I turn to another question. This multiplication of men has proceeded at varying rates of increase, but always producing an increase, till we have three nations where we had one. Every one knows that this increase has not been uniformly spread over England and Wales. There has been the greatest possible range of variation in the life-growth of different divisions of the ancient kingdom; and it may be asked whether any method can be discovered amid these differences. Let us turn to the differences between town and country, and especially between our biggest town and the rest of the country. There is some advantage in looking at London first, because, whilst its boundaries have varied from census to census, they have been fairly well defined at each numbering, whereas there is some confusion as to the definition of country towns at different times. But take London alone. When the population of England in 1801 was under nine millions, that of London was 958,863. The capital and the kingdom have grown together, but the former has always grown faster; so that while England (including London) mounted from nearly 9 millions in 1801 to nearly 26 in 1881, London grew from 958,863 to 3,816,483 in 1881. London more than quadrupled its people, while England (including London) did not quite triple it; England (excluding London) advanced in a still smaller proportion; and it will be seen that England, excluding all its big towns, exhibits a still feebler advance. But note this point about London. Its limits increase. If we had a series of maps shaded so as to show the population, we should see the black central spot of London getting bigger and bigger — the wen which Cobbett detested and denounced growing more and more portentous in size — but though the black spot grew bigger, yet its centre grew lighter and lighter; and by the centre is not meant that strictly limited area called the City, but something more like what London was when the century began. Take, in fact, the area occupied by the mass of those 958,863 who constituted the population of London in 1801, and fewer persons will be found living upon it, while around it lies a widening

ring, growing blacker as the centre whitens. Whilst, however, London has grown so enormously in population and in so great a proportion compared with the rest of the kingdom, its rate of increase has not been at all commensurate with that of many provincial towns, nor has it been equal to that of the towns of England as a whole. Speaking of these towns as a whole, it seems a fair estimate to say that of the nine millions living in England and Wales in 1801, three millions lived in towns. This errs, if at all, in making the town population too large a proportion of the whole. Of the twenty-six millions of 1881, nearly fifteen and a half millions lived in towns; or, if we follow the registrar-general in ranking as townsmen all who live in urban sanitary districts, more than seventeen and a half millions were townsmen. The inhabitants of towns have increased at least fivefold; the inhabitants of the country at the most by 75 per cent. The town population was one-third of the whole; the registrar-general's calculation would make it two-thirds. Diverging for a moment from the proper order of inquiry, it may be remarked that this phenomenon of the relative increase of the town population is not confined to England. It may not have reached the same proportion of the whole in any other country, but it has grown at an even greater rate elsewhere. Two examples may suffice. In Norway the town population was 9 per cent. in 1801; this had grown to 13.1 per cent. in 1875, and it is now 22 per cent. In the United States the proportion was only 3.9 per cent. of the whole in 1800; it was 22.5 per cent. in 1880. Thus in Norway, which practically receives no immigrants, the proportion of the town population had increased somewhat more than in England, while in the United States, instead of doubling, it had multiplied 5½ times. If, passing from the town population of England and Wales as a whole, attention is directed to the movement of increase of the separate towns, constant fluctuations will be found in the rate of growth, each successive decade bringing some different centre to the front as the scene of greatest relative increase. It would be tedious to go through many illustrations of this in detail, and it would be difficult, for the arbitrary boundaries of our towns confuse inquirers and tax the patience and ingenuity of the registrar-general and his assistants. In some cases the examination would be misleading. Birkenhead, for example, is often cited as an instance of most rapid expansion, and

indeed it numbered something like 700 inhabitants in 1801 and 84,000 in 1881, a number since largely increased; but Birkenhead is properly a suburb of Liverpool, and should not be considered apart from it. An examination of true centres of life leads us inevitably to connect the shifting of points of maximum increase with the development of some industry, the discovery of some local springs of activity, a new appreciation of previously unrecognized facilities for the application of more efficient processes of labor. Some change makes it possible for more life to be sustained at a given spot, or to be more favorably sustained than elsewhere, and immediately more life appears there. In one decade the hosiery district of Leicester leads the van; in another the maximum growth may shift to the homes of the cotton industry; in another the black country is foremost; or, again, the shipping ports, the colliery centres, the fields of rich iron deposits compete with one another as points about which there is the most rapid accumulation of human life. But here we must note a difference. When the population of England and Wales was regarded as a whole, and the question asked whether its growth was due in part to immigration or arose from its own powers of increase, the answer was, that in spite of a large inflowing, mainly from other divisions of the kingdom, England gave forth more than it received, and on the balance lost population through the migrating of men. This cannot be said of the towns. They owe much of their increase to a perpetual movement from the country. Certain forces of attraction are seen to be always in operation, drawing life away from where it came into existence to expend its activity elsewhere. As it matures it moves from a birth-place to a work-place. Sometimes, as in London, it is a hiding-place which is sought; but even in London those who wish to conceal past errors (and too commonly follow them up with worse) are but a small part of the invading army. This internal mobility is a phenomenon worth attention.* It becomes more and more developed as the century advances; the facility of movement being notoriously greater, and the spirit of movement growing apace with facility. There is not a county in the kingdom the population of which would not increase if those who were born in it remained there. Everywhere births out-

* This subject was very well examined and illustrated in a paper by Mr. Ravenstein (*Journal of the Statistical Society*, June, 1885).

number deaths, and the census might be expected to reveal an increase. Not indeed always at the same rate. In some (Glamorganshire, Durham) this unchecked growth would be double, or more than double, what it would be in others (Devon, Cornwall, Cardigan, etc.). But to those that have it shall be given. In those countries where the registrar-general looked for the greatest natural increase he found it swollen by an abundant immigration; where the increase was naturally least, it was diminished or had been turned into a decrease by emigration. In 1881 it was found that twelve counties (calling the metropolis one)—and these being precisely the counties of big towns—had added to their own increase by absorption from without, twenty-six had kept a part only of the additions due the overplus of births, and in thirteen the birth growth and more had gone, leaving an actual decline in numbers. Lancashire kept the largest proportion of its natives at home, yet received largely from without, and it was consequently among those that showed the greatest increase; Cornwall received the fewest from without and parted largely with its natives, and it showed the greatest decline (nearly 9 per cent.). It has been already said that there were twelve other counties showing an absolute decline in numbers, and it may be added there were eight others that barely kept up their population. If we run over the list of names we should say that, with the exception of that which heads it, they may all be called agricultural counties. We are here opening new ground. The population of England and Wales has multiplied threefold. The town population has multiplied fivefold, the inhabitants of the country not more than 75 per cent. Does the declining population of a dozen agricultural counties and the stationary population of another eight indicate an actual decline of the agricultural population, and a transfer of force to other industries?

Turning to the enumeration of occupations made at the census we find this had happened. The agricultural population had fallen off some 8 or 9 per cent., and the registrar-general pointed out that, while the total land under cultivation had increased in the decade by more than a million acres, the arable had decreased by nearly a million, and the number of owners and workers of agricultural machines had doubled. In the years which have since elapsed there has been a still further conversion of arable into pasture (600,000

acres), and there has doubtless been a further increase in agricultural machinists. The internal movement of the people is thus associated with and in part produced by a shifting of occupations, implying as much a decline in the opportunities of occupation in one direction as an increase of them in another. As the new generation rises and becomes a power, it seeks its work and finds it, sometimes at home, sometimes further afield, sometimes pursuing the work of the preceding generation, sometimes new work, and, whether pursuing new work or old, sometimes shifting the scene of its labors. The movement so far contemplated does not indeed go beyond the five seas; but we cannot forget that outpouring of English life which has been mentioned as more than counterbalancing all importations; and in this connection one word more may be forgiven in reference to that county in which I own a particular interest, where the decrease of population, begun in 1861-71, was most marked in the decade 1871-81. The other declining counties may be agricultural, but Cornwall is better known as a mining area, and an examination of details proves that it is the mining population which most diminished in it. According to the registrar-general the tin-miners fell off one-third in the ten years ending 1881; he does not mention the reduction in copper-miners, but the production of British copper fell off from 21,294 tons in 1855 to 1,471 tons in 1886; and the present boom can scarcely reverse this decline. The process of diminution of the mining population has been continuously maintained; and the point for consideration is whether this outgoing flood of men has been directed to other than ancestral employments in other parts of England, or has passed to employment such as their fathers practised, but on foreign shores. Are we face to face with expatriation consequent on the decline of a special occupation at home? The answer is that the attraction of a similar employment has been most potent; it has been irresistible where the emigrant has been fully trained to pursue it. Our Cornish miners are found wherever mines are being newly worked all over the globe, and the same fact which has led to their removal from the country has led to their removal from England. Tin and copper, once worked almost exclusively in Cornwall, have been found in greater abundance and freer accessibility elsewhere, and to the richer deposits the men have moved. The phenomenon may be better

realized if for a moment we convert the Cornish peninsula into an island, and then summarize the situation. Here, it would be said, is a sea-girt spot where men settled and thrived and multiplied because it possessed almost a monopoly of one mineral and a great superiority in the production of another most serviceable to man. So its population prospered and multiplied until it was discovered that these metals could be mined with no more, and even with less, labor elsewhere, and the pre-eminence became an equality or an inferiority, and the population dwindled as it had multiplied, until it reached proportions more agreeable to its diminished pretensions. But though the population sank as it had risen, it did not pass out of existence into nothingness as it had come from non-existence into being. It sprang into life to fulfil a service to man. It flitted away because that service could be more easily fulfilled elsewhere, and if the dwellers within the little isle were fewer, there was more without it. If we have to contemplate a similar movement in other islands, we may remember its compensations as well as its penalties.

If the movement of population in Scotland be examined it will be found to exhibit precisely the same characteristics as in England. The proportional increase during the century has not been so great, but there has been a continuous increase there as here, and that in the same varying fashion. The rate was highest in the decade 1811-21, when it was nearly 16 per cent.; it was lowest in 1851-61, when it was no more than 6 per cent. There has been the same growth of town population over that of the country; the same influx to industrial districts, whether manufacturing towns or coal-fields; and the same recession from purely agricultural counties. So, again, there has been the same outflow from Scotland as a whole, so that the total population enumerated at each census has never been as much as the excess of births over deaths would have indicated. The decline of population in the rural counties set in earlier and extended over a larger area than in England; but as the movement began earlier, so it abated in the last decade, when that of England went on increasing. It may be said that the tide took some time to travel; it flowed in Scotland first, it passed on southwards; but as far as can be discovered the same forces were at work in both north and south Britain, producing phenomena identical in character.

Are the forces different that have been

at work in Ireland? There are obvious and striking differences in the range and intensity of the phenomena exhibited. In each division of Great Britain there has been an increase of population in every successive census. In Ireland every enumeration from 1851 downwards has shown a diminution. The numbers were first accurately taken in 1821, when they were 6,800,000; they had certainly risen since 1801, probably from about 5,500,000, and they continued to rise so that they were more than 8,000,000 in 1841; but they fell off nearly 20 per cent in the next ten years, and have declined, though with diminishing intensity, ever since. In 1881 they were but 5,175,000 and are now estimated at 4,853,000. And, turning to details, it appears that this decline in the population of the island as a whole arises from a diminution in nearly every part. Since 1841 there has been a falling off in the population of every county except Antrim and Dublin; in the decade 1841-51 Dublin was the solitary county that maintained its numbers. Those years of visitation were indeed years of the severest experiences. There was not in those days any general system of registration of births and deaths in Ireland, but the conclusion seems inevitable that in the year 1846, and perhaps for some months before, the deaths exceeded the births. A large emigration followed the famine, but, great as were its dimensions, it does not account for all the diminution of population during the critical time. The falling-off of subsequent years is fully explained by the outflow of life. The births have always exceeded the deaths, but the balance has been more than taken away by the outgoing tide. Apart from the special and immediate consequences of the potato famine, the movement has been similar in kind to that observed in the agricultural counties of Great Britain. The difference lies in the number of the counties that are agricultural. If in imagination we abolished the dissociable sea, and made the sister island the flank of our own, the outflow in the counties thus added would be deemed a more violent form of the movement of the agricultural population of the rest of the island, especially as manifested in the counties immediately adjacent. To the fact that Ireland is almost exclusively agricultural must be ascribed the comparatively small dimensions of the internal movement of its population. There is indeed some flow towards the towns. Belfast and Dublin have swollen in numbers, and the inhabitants of what are called

by the Irish registrar-general the civic towns (places with 2,000 and upwards) very slightly increased during 1871-81; though, as has been said, the population of the island declined. But even with this liberal interpretation of a town the civic population is not one-fourth of the whole, instead of being two-thirds as in England. It is an illustration of the same truth, that of the Irish-born persons in Ireland barely one-tenth live out of the counties in which they were born. The counties around Dublin have parted — presumably to Dublin — with a large proportion of their natives, rising in the case of Wicklow to more than 40 per cent.; but when the inhabitants of Connaught or Munster leave the counties of their birth they leave Ireland altogether. Out of every 100 persons in Ireland hailing from Mayo or Kerry 95 or 96 are at home, and out of every 100 living in these counties 95 or 96 were born there. They are counties that receive no immigrants, and those they send forth go beyond seas. But before massing this outflow a curious fact may be mentioned which seems to require explanation. The inhabitants of Ireland not Irish-born are relatively very few, but they have been steadily increasing, while the inhabitants as a whole have been diminishing. There are now three times as many English and Scotch, and more than four times as many foreigners, in Ireland as there were in 1841. This continuous increase is remarkable in the face of the enormous outpouring of Irishmen themselves. This latter movement has been continuous, it has varied in degree, and with a declining population its absolute force has declined, but it has never ceased; and it is at first a little surprising that outsiders should appear to find better means than before of living in a country whence the natives are flying. The explanation probably is that the outgoing army consists for the most part of laborers little trained for anything beyond unskilled work, and moving away to fields where unskilled work is more efficient and commands a better reward; and the exodus, beneficial to those who go, is beneficial also to those that remain, and by raising the general standard opens the way to incomers with specially skilled qualifications. But to revert to the overflow. The following figures unfortunately do not proceed upon the same lines, for official statisticians have varied in their methods, but they reveal the volume of the issuing stream. The current to Great Britain may fairly be regarded as part of

that domestic movement which we have traced in England and in Scotland. Unfortunately no attempt was made to discriminate it from the migration beyond the four seas before 1876, and of subsequent experience we can only say that, whilst it has been subject to variations, it has been comparatively stable compared with the outflow to the United States. This outflow has varied enormously. It was, for example, six times as great in 1880 as in 1877, and it is not believed that there was any difference in the circumstances of Ireland sufficient to account for the change. We may suspect the cause of variation to be in the States, and, as we shall find the same rising and falling in the outflowing stream from other European countries, the suspicion will become a certainty. The greatest torrent of emigration has been from Munster, the least from Dublin and the adjacent counties; while the ages of two-thirds of the outgoing crowd lie between 20 and 45.

POPULATION.		EMIGRATION.	
1841	. 8,175,000	1841-51	. 1,240,000 †
1851	. 6,552,000	1851-61	. 1,149,000 †
1861	. 5,798,000	1861-71	. 769,000 ‡
1871	. 5,412,000	1871-81	. 619,000 ‡
1881	. 5,175,000	1881-86	. 460,000 †
1887	. 4,853,000 *		

Throwing our vision back over the different parts of the United Kingdom we see everywhere a continual tendency to increase; the births exceed the deaths, and the mass of life naturally multiplies in every division and every county; but as we look we see that when the added force matures, much of it moves away to centres of industry within the realm, where growing capabilities sustain larger masses of men, and large spaces are left no more peopled than before. Nay, as we look further, we see the process going beyond this. There are diminishing as well as increasing centres of life and of work. Occupations dwindle or disappear. In many quarters there is an absolute decrease of men. The shifting of life has resulted in a diminution of the mass throughout the agricultural counties, and in at least one mining district; and the forces which cause the movement, no longer confined within the narrow limits of the kingdom, lead whole armies to new settlements across wide oceans. We grew aware of this trans-oceanic movement in Great Britain, but it was most strongly

* Estimated.

† Beyond Europe.

‡ Including emigrants to Great Britain.

forced upon us in Ireland. Nevertheless it would be a mistake to suppose that it has been confined to the sister isle. In the fifteen years 1872-86 some 3,000,000 natives left our shores, and although nearly 1,000,000 came back in the same period, there was a net outward movement of 2,000,000. But out of the 3,000,000 that went something like 1,760,000 were English, more than 300,000 Scotch, and 930,000 Irishmen. The proportion of the last to the population at home was the greatest of the three, but the other migratory armies are significant. Lastly, of the 3,000,000 more than three-fifths went to the United States, about one-ninth to Canada, and less than a fifth to the Australian colonies.

Nowhere in Europe has the movement of men during this century been so marked as among ourselves. In the United Kingdom as a whole, there has been the greatest relative increase; here there has been the greatest eddying and flowing from part to part; Ireland has witnessed the greatest displacement and outgoing of humanity. There are some obvious circumstances contributing to the grandiose character of these phenomena. If we claim for ourselves a more exuberant energy of life, we must allow that also from our shores the facilities for flight to new fields have been greatest, whether we regard the distance traversed, or the practical identity of origin of character and of institutions of the new companions sought across the seas. But if, taking a review of the century, the outflow is most marked here, we may find that in recent years it has assumed proportions relatively as great elsewhere. Turning to Norway, we see something to indicate that the same forces are at work there as in Ireland. I have already mentioned that the town population of Norway has grown faster than the rural population. What about the movement out of Norway altogether? It is intermittent, and its variations do not appear to depend upon variations in Norway itself. The stream is almost exclusively directed to North America, and mainly there to the United States, and it rises or falls according to the varying force of invitation in the States. After the termination of the Civil War an outward movement set in. In 1869 more than 18,000 persons left Norway; in the years 1869-73 more than 60,000. Then the stream dwindled down till it rose again in 1880, and in the years 1880-83 nearly 100,000 went away. More than three-fourths came from the country parts. The total popu-

lation of Norway is under two millions; and it is not surprising that with such a tide of emigration the increase in numbers which had been continuous during the century was arrested, and that for a year or two (1881-83) there was an arrest and decline. In the rural districts the diminution was severe. The movement during the period 1880-83 was proportional to the Irish movement; it apparently proceeded from like causes; it produced the same results. After 1883 there was an abatement in the strength of the stream, but the tide has again arisen, it attained a great height last year, and will probably mount higher this year, and continue rising for some years to come. Precisely similar phenomena are to be noted in Sweden. The population of Sweden may be taken at 4½ millions, and it will be seen that the relative volume of movement is somewhat less than in Norway, but consider what the figures are. In the ten years 1851-60 the whole outflow to America was under 15,000; in the single year 1869 it was 32,000; in the years 1868-72 it was 97,000; and, after a decline, it was in the years 1880-84 nearly 165,000. The Scandinavian movement, though comparatively recent in origin, has attained proportions commensurate with our own, and it is apparently destined to grow larger. Such a movement, once begun, is more easily maintained and developed. The forerunners in it not only send home the means of migration to their friends; they have prepared settlements where companionship will be found by the later arrivals. A special significance must be attached to this movement from Norway and Sweden. It will be remembered by those of the older generation that it was to Scandinavia the political observer was directed as exemplifying well-settled conditions of social life. It was an ideal land of peasant proprietors. Later experience would seem to show that while the absence of landlords is a fortunate riddance of certain whipping-posts of fate, it does not prevent economic change. Cultivators must thin themselves out and holdings be consolidated whether the farmers are tenants or owners.

A word or two about Germany. Every one knows that the sons of Germany are spreading over the world like the sons of Britain, in spite of the hindrances due to the obligations of military service. The figures I have by me refer to the movement of Germans beyond Europe, but this does not exhaust the German outflow. It streams throughout Europe as well as

beyond, though the dimensions of these cis-Atlantic currents are apt to be exaggerated. In 1881 there were 37,300 Germans in England and Wales, and there are probably not 200,000 Germans in Europe outside Germany — *i. e.*, not 200,000 outside the present limits of Germany who were born within those limits. But turn to the trans-oceanic rush. In the years 1871–85 there went beyond seas 1,413,000 Germans, and of them 1,349,000 to the United States. Out of every thousand emigrants 955 go to the United States. The number is large, and the character of the movement will appear more vividly when it is said that out of 1,413,000 that emigrated in fifteen years, 924,000 went forth in the six years 1880–85. It is estimated that more than a million Germans quitted Germany to settle out of Europe in the years 1851–60, and close upon a million in 1861–70; and we have to recognize in Germany something near akin to what has been observed elsewhere — a movement by gush and check, the gush depending mainly upon the allurements offered in the United States, and increasing in intensity in successive periods. And, large as are the figures given, they are not complete. They take no note of Germans who have sailed from English, Dutch, or French ports; and it is instructive that the numbers registered as landing in the United States pretty uniformly exceed those registered as emigrating from Germany.

Some figures might be given of the movement of men in and from Holland, Denmark, Belgium; but before quitting the inspection of Europe, attention may be briefly directed to two countries as deserving notice because so different in character from those already mentioned — I mean Italy and Portugal. The emigration from Portugal is not large, but there is a steady perceptible outflow. An average of 14,000 persons annually leaves its shores, the number rising and falling between the limits of 9,000 and 18,000, and the stream is almost exclusively directed to Brazil. We thus come upon a life-current from southern Europe to southern America, which, so far new to us, we shall find flowing more strongly from Italy; where also we may discover some explanation of the varying force of the tide.

The exuberance of population of some of the Italian provinces has long been well known. The plain of Lombardy is one of the most densely peopled agricultural regions of the world; and the sub-Alpine slopes of Piedmont nourish a breed

which is continually sending forth its offspring to struggle for a place at the plateaus of the world. There has thus arisen from Italy a singular periodic efflux and reflux. The emigrants are divided in the official lists into permanent and temporary, the latter being those who go forth for a season's work and then return. It seems probable that not a few of the so-called temporary emigrants do not come back, but there is a large stream thus ebbing and flowing with the solar movements. It is akin to the migration of the natives of Galicia to the other provinces of Spain and to Portugal in harvest and vintage time; to the movement of the Limousins and Auvergnats to Paris; to the now diminishing annual swarms of Irish laborers into England. From 80,000 to 100,000 thus annually stream out of north Italy and back, into France, Switzerland, Austria; and resentment is occasionally felt at the irruption, especially when a remnant lingers. The French consul at Marseilles wrote in June, 1886, that there were more than 54,000 Italians in that city, "holding a relation to the native laborer somewhat similar to that of the Chinese in the Western American States." And along with this periodic outflow and return there is an equal stream of permanent emigrants. It has increased of late years. The valley of the Po is as fertile as ever, and, thanks to the irrigation in use, good crops can be relied upon; but the Indian corn of America can be brought to the Italian market at a lower cost than the corn of Lombardy and Venetia; and — to quote the United States consul (Milan) — "American competition has caused a decided decrease in the value of the products; and the diminished sustaining power of the land, together with the comparatively large birth-rate, has brought about a decided over-population." The amount of the resulting outflow cannot be stated with perfect certainty. Some of the temporary become, as has been said, permanent emigrants, and are perhaps so in intention from the first, and for many years the Italians landed in the United States greatly exceeded those registered as going there; but the official record of recent years rose from 40,000 permanent emigrants in 1879 to 77,000 in 1885; and it is reported that more than 50,000 left in the first half of the year just closed. From two-thirds to four-fifths of the permanent emigration appear to be directed to South America, the republic of La Plata receiving by far the largest flood.

Thus from the south as from the north

of Europe, from countries most unlike in social organization and political institutions, there is evidence of a strong and increasing outflow; and the movement might be pronounced universal, but that in the midst of these rising and overflowing tides of human life there is one country which neither sends forth a stream nor accumulates it at home. The survey would not be honest were not attention called to the fact that the population of France neither increases nor overflows. The town population increases and the inhabitants of the country diminish, but rural France furnishes that overplus of births whence there passes into the towns the migration that augments their numbers and maintains the level of the whole mass. Perhaps it may be worth mentioning in this connection that in the Channel Islands the population increased much more rapidly even than in England up to 1851, but from 1851 to 1861 it remained stationary, and since 1861 has steadily declined. Here, however, the decline is to be explained by a continually increasing emigration to England, taking away what would otherwise have been an addition to the inhabitants of the islands.

The outflow from Europe has necessarily directed attention elsewhere, and it is time to turn to the massing of human life in America, especially in the United States. The survey might indeed be carried further. The Australian continent has been the scene of an inflow which has at times been a torrent, and of tumultuous rushes here and there, as one or another point was believed to indicate a promise of fulness of life. But the phenomena of the United States are more varied, are on a larger scale, and, while exhibiting all the influences of a mighty immigration, show, at the same time, all the fluctuations of growth and interchange of population of long-settled communities. We may trace there the streams of English and Irish, German and Scandinavian descent; but we may trace also the course of the New Englander and New Yorker, the children of Ohio and of Pennsylvania, along the lines inviting movement. The steady progress westwards of the centre of gravity of the population might have had a different rate had there been no foreign immigration, but it would have been equally real. A word upon this progress. Recent censuses of the United States have been followed by the publication of maps graphically illustrating the leading facts of each enumeration. One of them marks the course of the centre of

gravity of the national mass of life. Suppose the map of the United States to be a plane loaded with dots of equal weight for every inhabitant in them, upon what point would it balance? It has moved with surprising evenness along the thirtieth parallel of latitude. Lying in 1790 on the Chesapeake, somewhat south of Baltimore, it has shifted westward till, in 1880, it was on the Ohio, not far from Cincinnati, moving on an average nearly fifty miles westwards every ten years, but keeping remarkably close to the same parallel. It went a little north of it in 1870, but came back in 1880, and the apparent northward movement of 1870 is believed to have been fallacious, having been brought about by an imperfect numbering of the enfranchised colored people of the South. When we consider the immense increase in the mass of the population, the steadiness of this line of motion is not a little strange. Floods of immigrants have descended on the Atlantic shores, the native-born citizens have swarmed away to new settlements; new discoveries led new hordes to the Pacific coast; but while the movement was apparently most scattered and irregular, there were scarcely suspected overruling causes maintaining a particular parallel as the line of equilibration of the living mass. The population thus evenly balanced has increased more than 30 per cent. every ten years, except the decade covering the Civil War; it has multiplied more than nine times between 1800 and 1880; and it is fairly certain that the enumeration of 1890 will show more than twelve times the number of 1800. Nor must we look on immigration as the sole cause of this increase. It is true that the United States have given forth few and received many, but a careful calculation would seem to show that even if there had been no influx, the population would have increased six times in eighty years. The influx has been such that out of the 50,156,000 of 1880 there were 6,680,000 foreign born, and the proportion is scarcely decreasing. We have seen how with every fresh invitation of prosperity, the floods of emigration mount in northern Europe and descend upon America. There are jealous complaints of this deluge arising in the States themselves. More than 9,000,000 are registered as having arrived in the years 1841-80, of whom 3,066,000 are said to have been Irish, and 3,002,000 German born. How is the population, thus composed of exuberant native growth and foreign importation, distributed? If we

study the physiography of the States, and note the lines of communication of river and lake; if we proceed to examine the agricultural components of the several parts, the deposits of coal and of minerals and the curves of rainfall and of temperature; and then turn from a physical chart to a chart of population we shall see how completely the mass of life has been dispersed abroad in strict relation to the means of life; while the facilities of railway and canal added to the natural lines of communication have intensified the agglomeration of men upon the most favorable and favored spots of settlement. It is unnecessary to indicate how with the opening up of some new area of occupation humanity has rushed in to fill it; the illustrations of the growth of individual cities and of special regions are multitudinous and known; but two or three facts may be mentioned showing the process of natural selection on the part of the army of immigrants. The Germans spread from New York and Pennsylvania westwards to Illinois and Iowa, four-fifths of the whole being found in this northern-central division. The Irish remain more to the east, flowing from New York into the southern part of New England. The Norwegians and Swedes seek homes akin to those they have left, in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois. The British Americans are ranged in the States confronting their native provinces from Maine to Michigan; while the English and Scotch seem to have scattered themselves abroad more widely than any other immigrants. Once more it may be noted that while more than 45 per cent. of the Irish inhabitants live in big cities, not 5 per cent. of the Scandinavians are found in them; the Germans so domiciled are less than 40 per cent., the English and Scotch less than 30 per cent. The proportion of the foreign element in the cities is twice as great as in the Union at large, and this influx has helped to increase the otherwise natural increase of the town population. It has been already mentioned how that has grown from less than 4 per cent. of the whole in 1800 to 22½ per cent. in 1880; but these figures feebly reveal the real movement. If we take the North Atlantic group, consisting of the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey—what may be called the Home States of the Union—we find that in 1880 nearly one half of their 7 millions lived in cities, while in Massachusetts the proportion was two-thirds.

The movement into cities is but a branch

of that great internal shifting of population which is as marked in the United States as among ourselves. It is perhaps even more marked. Although there is not such an absence of stay-at-home qualities in America as is sometimes supposed, there is an open alertness to seize new openings and to try new adventures. The older States give forth of their swarms to the newer West. More than a million of New Yorkers—a quarter of its children—had gone away from New York on census-day. Virginia had sent out nearly a third of its natives. Vermont more than 40 per cent. Even a State like Ohio, which receives largely from States further east, parted still more largely with its offspring, so that the balance of native movement was half a million against it in 1880. The authoritative explanation of this outflow is that "the principal interests of Ohio are agricultural, and the State has become too densely settled, generally speaking, for an agricultural population." We may surmise that Ohio is feeling the influence of the forces which have operated in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and the agricultural parts of Massachusetts. The population of Vermont barely holds its own; Maine and New Hampshire absolutely receded in the decade 1860-70, and though this decline may be attributed to the war, their former rates of increase have disappeared and are passing to the negative side. But for importations from Canada there would be a clear decrease. So in Massachusetts the sons of the old New England farmers move west, and the agricultural population appears to be diminishing. I have been told by more than one distinguished Bostonian that the movement would be more marked were there not a substitution in process. As the New Englanders throw up their farms Irish immigrants are found to take them, and the Puritan settlement is thus becoming a Hibernian colony. This internal movement of the agricultural population is an illustration, in connection with one occupation, of transformations everywhere active. The vast breadth of the republic, untrammelled by any network of customs lines or even of octroi barriers, and with unbroken unities of tongue, of weights, of measures, and of moneys, allows the freest play to the attractive forces of relative superiorities of conditions of work; and the units of the living mass are quick to seize upon every centre as it becomes or presents itself as a centre of advantage. The abolition of slavery was the removal of one of the few obstacles to

internal migration. Hence industries rise and shift from point to point; they move west and they move south; old forms of labor are superseded and new processes developed; and the streams of men flow to and fro as the channels are opened to their motion. No protective duty is necessary to stimulate a nascent industry in the newest of States. It springs up, if the conditions are naturally favorable, whatever may be the command of the market by well-established rivals in the older States eager to crush the upstart. The workers are quick to settle wherever there is an opening, and withal the mass mounts and thickens. Some spots may be denuded. Some pursuits are found to be worthless and abandoned; and if they are not abandoned their worthlessness becomes manifested in the apparition of that dark, ragged edge of humanity which straggles after the great army, that rear-guard of laggards, of hindmost men, constituting the shadow of the array.

Thus has the attempt been made, though over only a narrow breadth of time and for a limited portion of the world's surface, to survey the sweep and movement of men. Beginning with little England, we saw how its inhabitants had tripled during the century, how they had swarmed into towns, leaving some parts of the outlands less thickly planted; nay, how they had passed across the seas to fasten upon means of supply more affluent than had been left behind. Extending our vision to Scotland and Ireland, we saw an intensity of outward movement growing greater and greater in degree, but while the process of denudation was more severe it seemed the same in kind.

Passing from the United Kingdom to the European continent, we found other nations exhibiting a like outgoing tide, in some cases of relatively not inferior volume. And turning towards northern America, to which the great mass of this overflow of humanity was directed, we found that, in spite of the great variation in its circumstances due to this continuously increasing gulf-stream of men, there was still to be discerned the same principles of movement. As the generations appeared they spread abroad, they congregated into towns, they fastened upon every coign of vantage, they settled and shifted, they deserted old seats to throng upon better-favored spots, more newly discovered or become more accessible; and the incoming torrent of men pressing after was similarly distributed along the channels of dispersion. This peopling and

unpeopling of the world has gone, and seems destined to go, the same gait across the Atlantic as here; and if we had extended our vision, if we had watched the strenuous outflow of the most multitudinous races of men in the East,* if we had gone back in history and followed the course of population in the past, we should have found under all diversities of civilization, and struggling against all impediments of law and custom, war, slavery, international hates, and the follies of rulers and subjects, the same throes, the same struggle, the same increase, and the same outflow. But we need not insist on a practical identity of movement in so wide a range. There is room enough for observation, for speculation, and for instruction in our own times, and among ourselves, and our kinsmen exhibiting the same characteristics as ourselves in northern Europe and northern America. Limiting our survey within these bounds, what do we see? A passion of existence fighting against the barriers set upon its expansion. The tide of being rises and flows, searching for channels along which it may move. As the opportunities of existence are created or discovered they are seized upon. Reveal within the range of movement some region that more lavishly rewards the toil of the husbandman, and the region is filled. Enlarge the capacity of movement, and the stream marches onwards. Bring to light richer deposits for the miner's search, and the miner throngs to the new lands. Discover some machine that shall abridge the labor necessary to complete any product, and the spot where the machine is set in motion — itself selected by its adaptability to the use — attracts a swarm that settles upon it in pursuit of the new industry. Lessen the toil of life, and a new mass of life appears precisely as and where the opportunities of lessened toil are offered. When we surveyed the map of the United States † — itself containing a continent — and noted the variations of the modes, the intensity, and the mass of existence marked upon its surface in successive years, we saw the industrial hordes swarming into being along the tracks that invited their onward march; and it is our own feebleness of imagination if we do not see within our own isles streams of movement analogous and com-

* The following figures illustrate the movement in China. In the maritime province of Chekiang the population fell from 30,438,000 in 1842 to 11,580,000 in 1882, a decline outdoing all Irish experience; while in inland Szechuen it rose from 22,257,000 to 67,713,000. See *Statistical Society's Journal*, December, 1887, p. 691.

† See *ante*, p. 780.

plementary to those we traced across the Atlantic. Everywhere with an increase in the opportunities of life is life waiting and crowding upon the increase. And which moves more urgently forward? Does life press upon the means of life, or are the means multiplied in advance, inviting the reduplication of the multitude? Life cannot be lastingly increased without an increase in the opportunities of sustenance; but it can painfully tread upon the heels of opportunities so that nothing but their discovery saves it from degradation and death. And the alternative is clearly possible. The opportunities of life may be multiplied more rapidly than the volume of life, so that an ampler and easier existence is obtained. It seems to have been sometimes thought that the nature of things required that one or other of these alternatives must always prevail, and men have only disputed which ruled their race. I cannot acquiesce in this opinion. It is not forced upon us by reason, and it is contradicted by experience. There have been times when the facility of life has grown more rapidly than the mass of life, and the conditions of life have improved; and there have been times when the facts were painfully otherwise, when means have dwindled while men have multiplied; but if man differs at all from the brutes it must be in the possible education of such an individual and social sense as shall enable the opportunities of improvement to be realized and maintained by the race against all temptation to sink back again to the level whence it has arisen. It must have occurred to many readers that the spectacle we have been pursuing is but a study with reference to man of that constant struggle for existence to which the great philosopher of our time has traced diversities of the forms of life; but the quantity of any species of brute life is maintained at any moment up to its fullest capacity of existence; it is kept down by famine, by pestilence, by death at the beaks, claws, and talons of its enemies. Everything that can be is born; let it live or die as it chances. Can it be pretended that the cup of human existence must always be thus brimming over? We count the individual man at least master of himself. His sense of responsibility can be awakened; his conscience vivified and strengthened; and the over-conscience of the multitude is born of the consciences of separate men.

The well-being of mankind depends upon the relation between numbers and the means of life; and it depends upon

the individual, it depends upon the community, whether each new generation shall sink back to the level from which its predecessors started. If we can keep what we have won we may contemplate all change with an overplus of satisfaction. What matter that the multitudes increase? It is because the means of life have increased and are increasing. What matter that the new generations are streaming away to new haunts? They are quitting a pinched and narrow life for an ampler existence. What matter though the course be thinned on this narrow strip or that other be depopulated? The resting-place may be shifted, but the volume of life is not diminished, and its quality is heightened. I refuse to join in any lament, not even when I recognize the pain attendant upon change, for I know it is overborne by a far more exceeding weight of gain for man. But all this jubilation ceases, it passes into gloom for the present and anxiety for the future, if the standpoint attained to-day must be lost by relapse to-morrow. In that case every flight of man is a scramble to escape the fell pursuer; the multiplication of the human family in any land is a preparation for a trial, perhaps for a catastrophe, of corresponding dimensions. What then is the historic fact? Does the margin of life-freedom rise, or is it always at the same level? It ought to be possible to obtain an answer to this question free from doubt or passion; but if I venture a reply it is with hesitation, and with no desire that it be immediately accepted or rejected, but that it should be taken and examined for what it is worth. I should say that during the greater part of this century, the opportunities of existence have for English-speaking people been multiplied more rapidly than their numbers; but that these opportunities have been multiplied by the few, while the question whether they were multiplied or not has been completely disregarded by too large a proportion of the many. Things have improved, but small thanks to the multitude — by which I mean the multitude of all classes, not the lowest alone — whether they have improved or no. They did not produce the improvement; they have taken little care, individually or socially, that it should be maintained. There is practised and even avowed a blind confidence in the future, justified and dignified by the name of faith, which does not lead to destruction as long as the opportunities of existence are multiplied, but must pave the way to a position most perilous if this

multiplication be retarded or arrested. Is it an imaginary danger that the multiplication of the means of life may, locally at least, be arrested whilst the multiplication of men continues? During the last ten or a dozen years there has been some slackness, to say the least, in our movement. There is a complaint, however well or ill founded, that the men are too numerous for the work; though it is generally put that the work is not enough for the men. My friend Mr. Giffen, who is looked upon as one of the most optimist of men, mainly, it would seem, because he has a stubborn affection for facts, admits this lessening of our speed. This phenomenon is universally confessed. Its explanation has been infinitely disputed. Every week gives us a new theory. For myself I would suggest that our rate of progression depends now mainly on two factors: first, the development of new opportunities of existence elsewhere; and next, our power to make use of this development through our command of the springs of manufacturing pre-eminence. The added demand which makes the difference between smart and slack times comes from spurts of prosperity without. The internal trade is enormous, and it is relatively steady. It is the variation, and, comparatively the small variation, in foreign and colonial demands that makes dull business brisk. Every new field newly opened gives us an impulse, especially while we engross the most potent springs of force. It is, however, admitted that of new fields or new opportunities there have been of late few or none; it is not so generally admitted, but it is true, that the conditions of our relative superiority are passing away. We may look for a recovery of the first factor of growth, but we cannot be equally sanguine about the permanence of the second. More than twenty years ago Mr. Jevons told us that the increase of our coal production, and all that depended upon it, could not be permanently maintained. He was bold enough to describe how this increase would diminish and disappear. There would be no convulsion, but a creeping sluggishness and torpidity. What he prophesied has to all appearance come to pass. The quantity of coal raised in the United Kingdom reached a maximum in 1883. It was less in 1884, less again in 1885, still less in 1886, and it is believed that the total of 1887 (not yet published) will indicate a very slight recovery. Moreover, what is equally important, the average price of a ton of coal at the pit's

mouth has not materially differed in these last years in the United Kingdom and the United States. This practical equality in the cost of production of coal and arrest of the quantity of production deserve attention; and it is in this connection that I recall the fancy, the hint of an islanded Cornwall. It will be remembered how its population increased when Cornwall stood alone as a searching-place for certain metals, and diminished when it was distanced by rivals. The condition of the maintenance of its population passed away, and the population poured forth to new lands. A prime condition, if not the prime condition, of the maintenance of the population of Britain is passing away, but its population continues to be heaped up in spite of a great outpouring. I do not wish to press the parallel too hard, to be immediate and peremptory in the application of its deductions. We seem to be now emerging from the continued depression of many years, and a burst of growth is probably before us. Whether this promise be realized or not, there can be no doubt that turns of prosperity will come and go, revisiting us, though perhaps with diminished energy. But it may be suggested that we have had a warning, a first warning, a kind of runaway knock to arrest attention. It is manifestly not impossible that the population of the United Kingdom should be constrained to decline as it has increased. If it is even possible, the prospect may make us grave. Should it ever come to pass in this island of ours that, instead of a growing power to maintain a constantly increasing population, we should be confronted with dwindling resources inducing a necessity of diminished numbers, the trial will be severe. It is ill arguing with a man that he ought not to be in existence; and he may not take it kindly if you tell him that he is living matter in a wrong place. These severe truths are rarely acceptable to the sufferer. Quacks will be ready with remedies. There are always pedlars offering to sell pills which are good against earthquakes, nor will they soon want purchasers; but serious and sincere men know that there is no cure for the evils we contemplate save in the forethought and promptitude of the masses of the people. If it becomes part of the universal conscience to look before and after; if the general training of men be directed towards making them more alert to seize upon new occasions of industry, and to recognize the changes of condition which require the abandonment of decaying occupations; if,

instead of vain repinings and impotent struggles against change, there is a frank acceptance of the inevitable which is also beneficial; above all, if the relation of numbers to the means of existence is confessed, and men are taught to recognize practically and habitually their responsibility for their children's start in life, — we may face the future without anxiety if not without concern. It will have its cares and its labors, but our successors will pass through and overcome them. But I cannot honestly say that I believe these conditions of successful conduct in the future are at present realized. I must confess, not for the first time, to a suspicion that they are less generally apprehended than they were in a preceding generation. Our immediate predecessors seem to me to have been more loyal in admitting the rigor of the conditions of life, more courageous in rejecting indolent sentimentalities; they knew the severities of the rule of the universe, and the penalties of neglecting to conform to it. Many causes have conspired to corrupt this sound morality; but the circumstances of to-day seem to require that a strenuous effort should be made to restore and spread its authority before the remorseless pressure of fact comes to re-establish its sanction.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

From Temple Bar.

MONSIEUR LE CURE.

BLINDING, dazzling sunshine. From the midst of a perfectly cloudless sky, it came streaming down with pitiless intensity upon the straight white roads of the little Ardennes village. The white houses, over every third door of which hung the sun-dried bush which proclaimed the *estaminet*; the bright mustard meadows; the red roof of the old tiled church, — all added to the general sense of heat and color, which was pervading the August noon. Into this atmosphere of warmth and sunlight, there came a sudden shadow which seemed to disturb and almost to stain it — Monsieur le Curé.

A tall, gaunt man, bowed somewhat at the shoulders, and with his hands clasped behind his back, he came slowly out of the porch, and began pacing the little gaily decked garden. The sun-rays flickered a little, as though reluctant to rest upon the sombre figure.

While he was pacing up and down,
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waiting for the shrill voice of Jeanne-Marie — an old Walloon who served him in the triple qualification of cook, house-keeper, and gardener — to summon him to his midday meal, another actor arrived upon the scene. This was a man in a tourist's suit, who appeared suddenly upon the ridge of a little hill beyond the farthest field, and it seemed to the watching eyes of the priest, as though he had emerged straight from the blue haze formed by the distant sunlight. The new-comer was an Englishman, handsome and well set-up, who twirled his dainty red-gold moustache, as he whistled a lively air, and who altogether bore the jaunty, satisfied air of a man who was perfectly content with himself. As he passed, he turned for a longer look at the solitary figure which was apparently noting his own movements, and then went on his way with a laugh.

A beggarly priest, he thought. Good Lord! he pitied him. What a life to be buried like that, unless the man were as dull as the earth at his feet!

And while the two men stood looking at each other, a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, crept up between them, and marred the clearness of the sky.

Two days afterwards, and in the tiny bedroom of the whitewashed vicarage, a man lay mute and unconscious, dying apparently. The whole of the little lethargic village was agog with excitement, and the sturdy laborer who had found the injured man, the flaxen-headed child who had been the first to carry the intelligence to Monsieur le Curé, and Jeanne-Marie who could furnish the freshest items of news, all found themselves suddenly in urgent request. He was an Englishman, this unknown stranger, that went without saying, for, judging by his dusty and travel-stained clothes, he must have been walking for miles in that burning sun when every sensible Belgian had kept carefully within doors. He must have been giddy too, from the effects of that sun (for even dogs and Englishmen must somewhere have a brain to be affected by such sultriness), or else his foot must have slipped, or he could never have met with so frightful an accident. In falling upon the harrow he had gashed open his head, and run its sharp edge into his side, and it was then that *ce pauvre* must have become unconscious, and have lain there utterly at the mercy of the storm. How it had poured, *mon Dieu!* the whole evening and night the rain had been pelting him mercilessly. Small wonder that life had been almost

extinct when in the morning *le maître Corret* had found him, and Monsieur le Curé had had him carried to his own home. Ah! he had a good soul, *une âme chrétienne* — that curé of theirs. Not much use perhaps for every-day affairs, nor one to whom many confidences would be carried, but observant of every parish duty, and without doubt a saint. Why, look how affected he had been when first confronted by the ghastly, blood-stained face of the injured man. How white his own face had grown, and how strangely he had muttered in that uncouth English tongue which had so strong a fascination for him that Jeanne-Marie had declared he whispered it in his sleep! The stranger had fallen into good hands in falling into his.

Thus the village gossips, while hour after hour the priest stood by the bedside, and fought with death for the soul of the unconscious man.

"A doctor is unnecessary. I can do all there is to be done, and the fever will go of itself," he said quietly, when the suggestion was hazarded that a twenty-mile walk might possibly find the doctor at home; and no one was in a position to dispute his verdict.

As time went on, there was something almost horrible in the feverish anxiety with which he watched his patient. With the exception of the one half-hour which was necessary for morning mass, he never left him night or day, and would spend whole hours in gazing fixedly at the motionless, bandaged figure, or listening, with an attention which was painful in its eagerness, to the disjointed words which fell from the sick man in his delirium.

It was on the ninth day, when he was bending over him, that into the blue eyes there shot the first gleam of returning consciousness, and with it there came a sudden look of terror, as he saw the thin, dark face of the silent priest. As a fuller comprehension came slowly to him, the dim half-memory which the sight had awakened floated into the background, and a faint smile flickered on the pale lips.

"I've had a narrow squeak for it," he said, speaking slowly and with difficulty. And then, recollecting himself, he added, "*Pardon, monsieur, mais — à boire.*"

His nurse went to a cracked jug which stood by the door, and poured him out one of Jeanne-Marie's concoctions.

"You can speak English," he answered curtly. "I understand."

"You are English?" The other hesitated.

"Partly," he said at last.

"I remember the accident," went on the sick man, after a pause. "You are pulling me through. I owe you a great deal."

"Yes, I am pulling you through, and you will owe me a very great deal," repeated his host mechanically; and his voice sounded even harsher, and more monotonous than usual.

After that there was no return of the fever; and, except for the necessary bandaging, for the next few days the patient was left pretty much to himself, while the priest took long, solitary walks, hastening over the ground at so violent a speed that each night he would come home foot-sore, and thoroughly tired out.

In only one way did he vary in those days from the quiet, equable life he was accustomed to lead, and that was that he avoided the little old church where so many of his hours had previously been spent. The mass once over, he hurried away from the place without even a backward glance, and a great wooden crucifix, which it had been his especial pride to keep free from dust, hung above the altar, neglected and uncared for.

On the fifth evening, as he entered the vicarage, he was met by Jeanne-Marie, who told him that the Englishman had been asking for him. Would he not go to him at once? The *potage* could easily be kept hot until he came down again.

Monsieur le Curé assented with a smile. As a rule, his old servant would have kept cardinal or peasant alike waiting, rather than delay his own supper, but he knew, by past experience, how lovable men and women found this guest of his, and the old Walloon had evidently proved no exception. He threw off his overcoat, for the rain had been falling throughout the day, and he was wet as well as tired, and then he went straight up into the little bedroom.

"Ah! there you are," said his patient cheerily. "Won't you spare an hour for a talk with me? I'm sick to death of staring at these detestable walls, and I am still too weak, confound it! to be able to stand by myself."

The priest lighted a candle, and placing it well behind the head of the bed, so that the light was flung full upon the face upon the pillows, while his own face was left in deep shadow, he glanced leisurely round the room before replying. It was mean, miserable, poverty-stricken, like everything else about his home. The walls were whitewashed, the boards were bare,

and the very bed-linen was of the coarsest of its kind. Again that rare smile crossed his lips as he looked back at his listener.

"I am sorry I could not put you in a larger room," he said almost apologetically, "but my old servant is getting too ancient to give up her bed."

"Then have I taken your room? Where do you sleep?"

"Oh, anywhere, I'm not particular," said Monsieur le Curé hastily. "And now tell me about yourself. Ought not your friends to be written to? They must be very uneasy."

"Oh, no, it is all right," said the other confidently. He had a soft, melodious voice, and the words rang musically. "I'll tell you all about it. I am sure it is quite time I told you of myself, for even after all your goodness to me, you haven't the remotest idea who I am. My name is Valentine Fairlie."

"Yes?" To judge by the tone of that quiet yes, it might almost have been thought that the priest knew the name before it was spoken.

"I am a novelist, so there is no especial work waiting for me, and I am supposed to be on the tramp, and am not expected to turn up at home until October. There, now, what is your name?"

"Le père Houricks. That's how I am registered, but the people round here call me Monsieur le Curé."

"Have you been here long?"

The priest took no heed of the question. "Won't your wife be uneasy?" he persisted.

"My wife? How did you know I had one? Did I talk of her when I was off my head? No, she won't be uneasy, poor soul. She died last year."

Monsieur le Curé drew a quick, hard breath, which echoing through the dismal room sounded like a stifled sob, but he did not speak and the other continued.

"What else did I talk about then?"

There was a pause, and the sick man shifted uneasily in his bed.

"I suppose you parsons daren't repeat anything you may chance to hear?" he demanded abruptly.

"No, we, as you say, 'dare not' repeat. It always appears a vast gratification to laymen to remember that the secrets you yourselves can't keep, it would damn a priest to betray."

Fairlie laughed. "Well, honestly, do you know, I think it is," he said frankly. "We like to get all the satisfaction we can out of relieving our minds, and it is a comfort to know it can go no farther. But

what else did I talk about when I was raving? Come now."

"About John Reyner," said Monsieur le Curé.

As the quiet answer fell from his lips, the other started violently forward, and then fell back with a groan.

"Don't, confound you!" he cried, raising his thin hands to his bandaged head, and then he added: "Don't be offended. I am sure I beg your pardon, but leaping up like that starts my wretched head, and it feels on fire."

"You should lie still," said the priest impassively, as he rose to lift his patient and place him more comfortably. "Shall I go away and leave you to get to sleep?"

"No, no," cried Fairlie eagerly. "Stay and tell me what I said about Reyner." He shut his eyes for a few minutes until the paroxysm of pain had passed, and then he went on half whimsically: "So I could think of nothing better to rake up than that old skeleton of mine! I thought it was buried fourteen years ago."

"Fifteen years ago," corrected his listener. "I think I know as much of that story as you do, for I have — I have met John Reyner since he came out of prison."

"You've met him?" Fairlie's voice was one of incredulous amazement. "What on earth was he doing here?" he asked.

"It wasn't here. The story of his life was told in Brussels. Don't look so startled, or that head of yours will be troubling you again. Stranger coincidences than this happen sometimes, and when you talked about 'Reyner,' and 'Isabel,' and 'the papers in the drawer,' it was not very difficult to piece your story together as the first chapter of his."

The explanation given, Monsieur le Curé moved to the window, and pushing aside the white dimity blind, he stood looking out into the night. The rain which had been falling throughout the September day was still coming down as steadily as ever; the night was pitch dark, without a star to be seen; the wind was howling round the house. He was roused from his absorption by his companion's next words.

"I suppose you think I'm an utter scamp," he said.

The words were spoken almost wistfully, for it was characteristic of the man both to demand and obtain a good deal of sympathy, and it was also irksome to him to abate one iota of the popularity to which he clung so fast and which he prized so highly. He would have liked this

grim-faced host of his to like and admire him, and he fiercely resented this idea being frustrated.

Receiving no answer to his half-question, he spoke again. "Let me give you my version of that affair, and then you'll admit the provocation."

"Well?"

Monsieur le Curé moved from the window, and seated himself again in the rush-bottomed chair. He had pushed it even farther back than before, and was now well out of Fairlie's sight. Seated as he was now, his shadow, enlarged and grotesque but in full profile, was flung blackly on the bare whitewashed wall, and the sick man lay for a moment idly watching it. The narrow, bowed shoulders, the lean frame from which the straight coat fell away in loose folds, the nervous hands clasping and unclasping on his crossed knee, the sad, motionless face — Val Fairlie shivered a little as he noted these details, and then resolutely turned away his eyes. It had been a bad stroke of luck for him, he pondered, coming to grief on that particular day. Any other man would so have arranged matters that he was tended by a rosy-cheeked girl or soft-voiced woman, instead of this poor wretch. When was it that Reyner had told him the story of his disgrace? He knew the fellow had been a Romanist, so was it in the confessional, he wondered?

That curt "Well" had piqued him, and with the whimsical notion of making that stern shadowed face relax, and the hard voice warm into sympathy, the novelist began speaking again.

"Did Reyner tell you that we had always seen a good deal of each other? We were boys together at school, and were supposed to be great friends, for we were both to go in for the diplomatic service, and my old father was forever hammering away at me that as Jack had interest and I had none, my first lesson in diplomacy might as well begin in the class-room. But it didn't answer. I hated him and I think he hated me. He was a terrifically clever little chap, with the best brains I ever came across, but he was as proud as Lucifer, and when once I got myself out of some scrape with a neatness which even now I admire, he chose to interfere and declared that unless I owned up to the authorities he would never be my friend again. Good Lord! who wanted to be his friend? We had a pitched battle, and — Ring down the curtain on act the first."

He stopped and laughed. Once fairly set going, he revelled in his own recital.

He enjoyed this gentle mocking at his former self, that good-for-nothing, handsome little lad who had scored so well in the race of life. And he admired with characteristic appreciation of his own dramatic power, the neatness and point of his narrative. But the candle-light which fell so brightly on his smiling mouth and red-gold moustache, fell also upon the gloomy figure of the man who was near him, and but for the movement of those restless hands it found no sign of life. Monsieur le Curé was waiting and listening.

"Well, this went on for years," continued Fairlie. "I expect you have heard all about it from Reyner, for he was always an introspective, sullen kind of fellow, and I'm sure he would have loved nothing more than to shower abuse on me, while making you his father confessor. But to cut a long story short, after wrangling and rubbing up against each other all our lives, we were both landed in Paris, he as *attaché* to the English embassy there, and I in my usual position of fortune's favorite, waiting to see what would turn up. An easy life and now this infernal tumble has, I expect, rather spoil my beauty for me, but in those days I was a good-looking boy of four-and-twenty, and our chief's wife took a fancy to me and gave me the run of the place. I had certainly fallen on my feet, for I was to look around me, and if I cared for the service my old friend was willing enough to help me, through her husband; or if, as she hoped, I dropped the idea and took to writing for a livelihood, why it couldn't damage my prospects in that line to see something of life first. Meanwhile John Reyner was slaving like a nigger. His powers as a linguist were something *ultra*, and he was popularly supposed to be a coming man."

"Ah! — But wasn't it also 'popularly supposed' that this same good friend of yours greatly disliked Reyner? I heard something from him to that effect." It was the first question that the priest had asked.

"Possibly," allowed Fairlie. "She grew to dislike him when he became engaged to her niece Isabel, who lived with her."

The priest interrupted for the second time. "Yes, yes, I know that," he cried hastily. "Get on with your story. And then you determined to win her from him?"

"Yes, I did," said the other emphatically. "I loved that girl, and I meant to have her. And then came the fuss about the papers, and I won my wife and paid off old scores at the same time, for French

law saw fit to lay Master Jack by the heels, and Isabel became Mrs. Val Fairlie. End of act the second."

"Stop a bit," cried Monsieur le Curé harshly. "You get on so fast that I can't quite follow. I want to understand about those papers."

"My very good sir," returned Fairlie leisurely, "I am most certainly not going to give you a twice-told tale. Whatever else your interesting penitent may or may not have told you, he must have told you about that. Besides, after all, what does it matter? You know as much as any one else knew at the time. Secret intelligence which was — well, we will say diplomatically conveyed into other hands, — a broken desk (that was the ugly part of the affair), a muddle-headed investigation which hit on Reyner for a victim, — there you have it in a nutshell. The only part that Reyner didn't guess — for although he could not prove it, poor devil, of course he must have suspected me — was that I didn't try to fasten it upon him deliberately. I was a hot-headed young fool, and I think I must have been half mad with drink that night, and then when it all came out, and I felt sure that with him out of the way Isabel would come to me, I didn't exactly see that I was called upon to straighten matters for him by kicking against the luck which was so evidently in my own favor."

The hitherto restless hands of the silent priest were gripped tightly together as he answered him, but there was otherwise no change in the rigidity of the bowed figure.

"It has been quite interesting to have so lucid an account of the other side of the question. I have quite enjoyed it," he said slowly, but the airy form of the words sat upon him clumsily, for he spoke them in even a more grudging and laborious fashion than usual. "You see I had always looked at it from John Reyner's point of view. Shall I try to make you see his, or would it bore you? You might find some material for your next novel in that man's sorrows."

"Perhaps," said Fairlie indifferently. "It was all part of the doctrine of chances, you know. How runs that quotation of yours, Monsieur le Curé? '*La Fortune, comme les autres mères, a ses enfants gâtés, et pour les autres elle est avare et dure.*' Yes, it is something like that."

"*Ses enfants gâtés,*" repeated the other bitterly. "Ay, there you have it. But this man, ill-used as he was by the luck on which you rely so much, he could feel too. Think of it a moment! He had

good brains and boundless ambition; he had already made a start in the most fascinating career in the world; young as he was, fame and power were rapidly becoming more than mere promises to him; he was to be married within the year, and in his gentler moods he had visions of a pure home life which should fill the lack of his own motherless youth. And then the end of it all, as abrupt and as final as though death had actually claimed his body instead of only his heart. His wrists were manacled, his shoulders were lashed, he was set to herd with the very scum of the people."

Val Fairlie had shut his eyes and was slightly smiling. So he had at last aroused this taciturn companion of his, and the man really was not so insensate as he had appeared. His monotonous voice had actually a faint tinge of passion in it as he recounted John Reyner's wrongs. Curious, very.

"When these five years of a hell upon earth were brought to an end, the convict was set free, and he crept out to face the world again, a hunted, desperate man. His father refused to see him, Isabel was married to the man who had ruined him. Then, a few months afterwards, he fell into the hands of the priest who saved him from the devils which held him in possession."

Fairlie opened his eyes; in them there was a faint gleam of amusement.

"Monsieur le Curé himself, I presume," he said politely, feeling really grateful to the man who was whiling away a sleepless night; but a curt no was all he received.

"Through the offices of this good old man, John Reyner entered the Church, and dropped his old life and his old associations with his layman's name."

The words were flung out without either explanation or comment, and his listener was fairly startled.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "what a queer ending! I didn't think that Holy Church would receive a convict into her fold."

"Possibly not," said the other dryly. "Certainly not, had she known. But in this particular instance Holy Church was represented by a practical, unorthodox old man who believed in Reyner's innocence, and who, rightly or wrongly, thought that certain energies and powers which he believed him to possess, might be better used in God's service than in the devil's."

"And then what happened to him?" asked Fairlie curiously.

"Then he was drafted into the cure of

a little country parish, where he tried to do his duty, and — and where he ate his heart out for eight long years."

Val Fairlie scarcely heard the answer; he was looking fixedly at the shadow on the wall; it fascinated him. The motionless head, huge and grotesque, had sunk on to his breast, the hands were hanging inertly from his side, the whole framework seemed to have collapsed. But it was the face which was the most horrible to look at, for it was still in sharp profile, and its expression was clearly marked. It wore a deeply carved, malicious grin, and while the sick man lay staring at it, the whole shadow began shaking, as though the priest were convulsed with silent laughter. The rain beat upon the window-pane, the wind howled round the solitary house, and Val Fairlie, still unhinged from weakness, felt an indefinable awe slowly stealing over him. He tried to break the spell by the sound of his own voice.

"Come and stand by the bed. Let me look at you," he cried sharply. "Why do you speak like that, why do you laugh? What are John Reyner's troubles to you?"

Monsieur le Curé instantly rose, and came and knelt down by the narrow bed. He had taken the candle in his hand, and now held it high above his head so that the light fell full upon the dark, furrowed face. He had pushed the grizzled, badly cut hair back from his forehead, and the gloomy eyes were shining triumphantly.

"Look at me, look at me well," he said hoarsely. "You ought to know me."

More rapidly even than the sound of the feverishly uttered words, another face sprang up before the mental vision of Valentine Fairlie. A younger face this, moustached and alert with intense vitality, but it wore the self-same look of triumph, and — a shriek burst from his paling lips.

"My God! You are John Reyner!" he said.

"So you know it at last." A short, contemptuous laugh came with the words. Still holding the light above them, and with the other bony hand still gripping at the bedclothes above the sick man's breast, the priest looked long and steadily at his enemy, and then he drew a hard breath. "Do you know why I saved your life?" he asked. "Do you never wonder why I nursed you night and day, and lost my very food and sleep in my anxiety to listen to every pulsing of your heart, and to win you back from death? Your life is mine. It belongs to me."

The tones were low and equable. Had Jeanne-Marie been listening at the door

instead of sleeping placidly over the forgotten broth, she could have guessed at nothing wrong from the sound of her master's voice.

"You have robbed me of all that made my life. In place of that other I, as I might have been by now, powerful, successful, beloved, that dream-self of mine which died fifteen years ago, you have made me a desolate man, with an awful hidden past between me and the living world. You have made me — psha! you won't understand. But even you will understand this much. *You never spoke of me or of Paris at all in your delirium.* I chose you should condemn yourself out of your own mouth, that was all. I have been in your hands all these years, and now you are in mine. I shall kill you."

His blue eyes widely distended with fear, his damp limp hands resting open upon the coverlid, Val Fairlie lay as motionless as though he were paralyzed, his dry tongue clacking against his teeth. It was a full minute before he could form the question, and then it was gasped rather than spoken.

"You, a priest, will do this thing?"

"No. I, a man," said Monsieur le Curé grimly.

In the long silence that followed, he rose to his feet, and setting the candle back in its former place, he began pacing the little room, his shoulders more erect, his step more decisive. It were as though with his final words he had cast off the last remnant of the hampering priesthood, and had grown young again in his claim to his old name and his old vengeance. When the solitary word "*How?*" broke the sudden stillness, his reply was heralded by a mocking laugh.

"Why, man," he asked, "has the world proved so enchanting to you, that you tremble at the idea of quitting it? Have you visions of bloody knives, and bowls of poison? You needn't be alarmed, for I assure you that dying under my roof will be the most natural thing in the world. Letting you worry yourself back in the fever — a slipped bandage — a little less care, and then while my faithful flock condole with me on the loss of my patient, I shall bury you. If I knew where — old Lucas was — I would ask him to the funeral."

The last words were spoken hesitatingly, and a perplexed look came into his face. Since the moment when he had been fascinated by the shadow on the wall, Val Fairlie had lain almost in a state of coma, conscious of nothing but an over-

whelming sense of terror, but now there came a relief to the tension which had been binding him. Dick Lucas had been a gay, rackety young fellow of whom Reyner had seen something in the old Paris days, but the two men had never been more than acquaintances, and Fairlie felt sure that, ordinarily speaking, his would be the very last name to recur to the other's memory. Was he losing his memory then, and becoming insane? Or had he already been mad, on this one point at all events, for years? Suffering as he had suffered, and living the life that he had lived, was quite enough to make the man a monomaniac. It was strange that this thought should be the one to recall Fairlie from the state of impassiveness into which he had fallen, but it certainly acted as a spur. If he were perfectly sane, there was something so diabolical, so ghastly in the idea of nursing a dying man back to life for the sake of torturing before killing him, that his brain had refused to face the truth and had grown torpid with the effort, but with this second theory hope sprang to life again. He might outwit him, or he might persuade him to relinquish his purpose by counterfeiting a courage he could not feel. He was not even in outward form at all a religious man, and probably he had not said a prayer during the last dozen years, but in the extremity of his need, the image of his lost wife came forcibly before him, and not knowing that he did so, he murmured her name, "*Isabel*."

That unconscious appeal to the dead woman whom both these men had loved, was succeeded by another of those long and terrible silences, and then the priest spoke again. He had come to a standstill at the foot of the bed, and now confronted its occupant with his arms firmly folded across his breast.

"Isabel is dead," he said, speaking slowly and sadly, and without a trace of his former airy tones. "I thought I could do it, but I was wrong. Had she been alive, I must have let you go. I would not break her heart, although she helped to break mine."

"No, I don't suppose my death would affect any one very much," returned Fairlie, surprising himself by the tranquil way in which he spoke, and watching his listener very intently, "except of course my little girl — Isabel's child."

"Isabel's child?" the hoarse eager echo followed instantly in his words, and the still figure sprang into sudden life. "What did you say?" his face flushing, his hands

outstretched, "Isabel's child! Did Isabel leave a little child?"

"Yes, a girl. Another Isabel." With the double discovery of John Reyner's identity in this Belgian priest, and that his own hours were virtually numbered, Val Fairlie seemed to have passed through the bitterness of death, and all fear had now left him. It even struck him, in the curious analytical fashion in which the sub-current of this man's thoughts were wont to run, as a pathetic touch of unwritten poetry that now his wife was no longer able to shield this worthless lovable husband of hers, it should be her little daughter on whom the task devolved.

"Didn't you look in my knapsack?" he continued. "The heavier luggage was sent on to Dinant, but I suppose the knapsack was found with me, wasn't it? Isa's photograph is in it."

Monsieur le Curé went to the cupboard, and taking out a knapsack brought it to the bed.

"I knew who you were, so there was no occasion to look over your property," he said briefly.

"I beg your pardon," said Fairlie involuntarily, wondering at the old-gentlemanly instincts which had outlasted such an exile, and then he unfasted the straps and took out a tin case. "This is Isabel's child," he added, placing a plush-framed photograph in the priest's open palm.

The apparently simple words were carefully chosen. He was anxious to keep that one fact well before the other's eyes.

Monsieur le Curé took the picture, and carried it to the light. It showed him the face of a ten years' child with large, innocent eyes and long, curly hair, — Isabel in miniature. So this was her child. It was a long time before he could get the fact into his tired brain. Strange that he had never thought of Isabel as a mother, never pictured her with the soft, clinging fingers of a little child in hers, or with a baby head lying on her bosom. His own lost dreams of a possible fatherhood came back to him as he looked. How he would have loved such a child as this! How he would have watched so that no cloud ever rested on the happy little face!

"Of course my death will make her very wretched for a time," Val Fairlie was speaking again, "but for Isabel's sake I know you will make the child your charge."

"I? — I?" The priest came hastily to the bedside, his voice rising shrilly. "I shall never see the child. I shall be the last person on earth who can ever go to her."

"I don't see that," replied Fairlie coolly, though his heart beat almost to suffocation. "As you say, no one will ever know you killed me. She must be your charge. It is what you will owe to Isabel if you rob her little girl of her father."

"My charge. Yes, my charge," Monsieur le Curé had seated himself again in his former place, and now was repeating the words vacantly, not once, nor twice, but a dozen times. Suddenly he stopped, as though conscious of his own action, and stole a side look at his companion. "Let us talk business," he said abruptly, with an evident effort to concentrate his thoughts. "How would your death materially affect your daughter?"

"As a child it would of course only make her miserable. I don't pretend to shine in many ways, but I do as a father, and it is not my fault if Isa still misses her mother. I never go home without taking her toys and sweets; all the brightness of her life comes from 'daddy.' But, as I say, it is when she grows older that she will feel it most. I have made a lot of money, but I've saved nothing, and Isabel must turn out and work. She will be just the age her mother was when you first saw her, and they will be as much alike as two raindrops. Can't you imagine how the little head will droop under the burden, how the gentle eyes will fill with tears when she is treated harshly or insulted because she is pretty, and because she stands alone? You must go to her sometimes. Isabel's child will not know it is to you she owed the trouble and the misery which came upon her; that it was you —"

A broken, inarticulate cry burst from the priest's lips. It was more the cry of a wounded beast than the voice of a man, but Val Fairlie knew that the battle was won. Monsieur le Curé leaped to his feet, and stretched out his hands almost in supplication. His deep-set eyes seemed literally smouldering in their sockets, and great purple veins stood out upon his forehead.

"For Isabel's sake," he said at last, the words falling thickly from his indrawn lips, and in another moment Val Fairlie was alone.

The blackness of the night was for a brief instant rent by a sudden light as the house door of the vicarage was rapidly opened and shut, and then a maddened, defenceless man was added to the playthings of the storm. Struggling on against the wind and rain, now slowly when his jaded frame refused its task, now wildly when it

was stung into greater effort by the fretting spirit within, went Monsieur le Curé. For a long time there was almost a cessation of thought. He knew he was running away, he knew he must run away, but the why and the wherefore were still blank to him. At last some sharp sound — it was the cracking of a branch overhead — roused the benumbed brain, and he began recalling old Paris days, thinking of Isabel, and even placidly of that handsome boy whom his friends called Val, and whom he himself had always rather despised. How beautiful Isabel had looked that night when he had first met her at the embassy ball! Hark! they were playing the love-valse again to which they two had first danced. He could just catch the strains. He stopped abruptly and began swaying to and fro in the darkness, with a half-admiring, half-tender expression on his face. "Darling," he whispered, "when we are marr—" He broke off with a sharp cry, for something had struck against him. It was the little metal cross which hung round his neck, and which, swaying with his own movement, had thus been tossed against his hand. After groping painfully, he found it and held it tight. The familiar touch, the familiar *Ora pro nobis*, which sounded to his excited fancy as though spoken by a pleading angel, brought with them a sudden flood of tears, and awaking from his long bewilderment, Monsieur le Curé peered about him curiously. His wandering steps had retraced themselves and he was now under the shelter of the old church; the rain was abating, the wind no longer howled so fiercely. Mechanically seeking for the key, he unfastened the door, and securing it on the inner side, he stole softly along the nave, and knelt down in front of the little altar. Mind and body were alike exhausted, and he knelt on there wholly oblivious of time, and weeping quietly. But when the coming dawn shot one long streak of light through the small unpainted window, it fell upon the great wooden crucifix, and Monsieur le Curé glanced reverently upward. The light was resting upon the lips of the dead Christ, and their rigidity was softened into a smile of forgiveness and of peace.

It was all a nine days' wonder amongst the good folk of that Ardennes village. That Monsieur le Curé should absent himself for four-and-twenty hours was strange enough in all conscience, but that the invalided Englishman should take that opportunity to quit the place was even

more inexplicable. He was rich, of course, this English milord, and if he chose to waste his money and risk his life by insisting on being conveyed some twenty miles to the neighboring doctor's house, it was of course his own concern. *Mais, mon Dieu, comme ils étaient fous, ces anglais!* Well, they were glad he was gone, for now Monsieur le Curé could spare more time for them and their concerns. The strain of nursing had left him a trifle quieter perhaps, a thought more silent, but otherwise just the same, ce bon Monsieur le Curé.

MABEL E. WOTTON.

From The Contemporary Review.
GARIBALDI'S MEMOIRS.*

No greater stir could possibly have been made by any literary event than that which, just now, goes from the plains of Lombardy to the Sicilian shores, in consequence of the publication of the memoirs of the founder of Italian unity. For years past the manuscript had been in the hands of Adriano Lemmi, the grand master of the Freemasons of the peninsula. So little, however, was heard of it of late, that a suspicion sometimes arose as to the existence of a design to burke altogether these valuable papers, lest revelations should come to light which might unpleasantly reflect upon, shock, and compromise various exalted personages and parties.

At last the book is brought out, and it certainly proves to contain plain-spoken statements, often couched in words of extreme frankness, acerbity—nay, wrath. There are, from beginning to end, outbursts of hatred against the Roman priesthood in terms unheard of elsewhere. From many a legendary account of historical events the veil is torn; romantic halo, where undeserved, being ruthlessly destroyed. Amongst pages full of enthusiastic love for his fatherland, for the cause of popular freedom in the democratic sense, and for truly brave companions-in-arms, there are severe taunts against the mass of the Italian peasantry because of their want of patriotism, and angry reproaches against thousands of those who occasionally fought under Garibaldi, because of their despicable cowardice. The "foxy policy" of Cavour,

who did all that he could to make the Sicilian expedition of 1860 abortive, though he afterwards appropriated its fruits, is mercilessly exposed. At the same time the kind of rivalry, which those intimately acquainted with the two leaders of the Italian party of action knew well to exist between them, finds expression in extraordinary attacks against the adherents of Mazzini.

Altogether, it is a book of a smashing character. It is composed of recollections first noted down in the fall of 1849, after the overthrow of the Roman republic by the French army, and then continued, after a lapse of twenty-three years, in 1872, with which date the "Autobiographical Memoirs" end. The style, therefore, is an unequal one. There are chapters rising to poetical fervor, in such high-flown southern language, and with so many points of exclamation, that the northern reader is apt to be taken aback. There are other pages, in which the experienced sailor who has been tossed about on almost all the seas of the world, the rough-and-ready guerilla leader with his cunning eye and his deep knowledge of men, speaks as one who has penetrated the core of things and understands the worst sides of human nature. Perhaps the true Garibaldi comes out in this very mixture. Not the least so when, athwart some noble and elevated allusion to heroic exploits, he suddenly makes use of an expletive in Spanish, as a reminder of his wild days in southern America, where he fought in the service of the republic of Rio Grande against the empire of Brazil, and otherwise led a free-booting, sea-rover's (*corsaro*) life, as he himself calls it.

There is a Homeric, or rather a Viking, touch in the manly fondness with which he sings the praise of the good ship in which he first ploughed the Mediterranean, and then the Black Sea. He addresses her as "thou," pointing to her roomy flanks, her finely-formed masts, her spacious deck, her high-bosomed woman's bust, which always remained as an imprint on his imagination. His father, a simple and honest mariner, he only blames because he sent him to sea at the age of fifteen, instead of at the age of eight. Of his dear mother he says that she had an angel's heart, and that he idolized her. Though certainly not superstitious, he, in the greatest dangers of his stormy life, on the tumultuous ocean and in the stress of battle, sometimes fancied he saw her bent down in prayer for the safety of her son. Whilst not believing, he yet felt on such

* Garibaldi. *Memorie Autobiografiche*. Firenze: G. Barbèra. 1888.

occasions deeply moved — happy, or at least less wretched. However, the details of his youth and early manhood we must pass over. So, also, the story of how he wooed and won Anita, the Creole Amazon, whose beauty, goodness, and prowess in battle he extols ever and anon, and whose loss, during the terrible sufferings of his retreat after the fall of Rome, he deplors in accents of deepest love.

The fate of nations often hangs on a thread. At this day, the unification of Italy may appear a very simple, natural, historically unavoidable fact. Yet those who know what a heavy task it was, in our time, once more to knead together the Roman stock, and how the personality of Garibaldi alone was able to join south to north, cannot read without a strange feeling his several hairbreadth escapes. What if he had been taken prisoner for that conspiracy, owing to which a sentence of death was pronounced against him by default, when he was at the age of twenty-seven? On the 5th of February, 1834, he fortunately was able to steal out of Genoa, disguised as a peasant — henceforth an exile. A few days afterwards he read his condemnation to death in a paper at Marseilles. "There," he adds, "began my public life." He does not mention that at Marseilles he met Mazzini, the head of Young Italy. From the works* of the latter, however, we know the fact, and also that Garibaldi's secret *nom de guerre* in the patriotic association was Borel. In Guerzoni's ample and highly interesting work,† it is well pointed out how the characters of the two men, then both equally young, were evidently too different to "allow of the creation of that electric spark which lights the flame of mutual love, and of a lasting community of thought." Still, curious to say, the first ship which Garibaldi, together with his friend Rossetti, fitted out for the republic of Rio Grande, being provided with letters of marque, was called the Mazzini — so named, as we also learn from Guerzoni, by Garibaldi himself.

Again, what if this man of destiny, as some may say, after having been shot in the neck during his South American campaigns, and for a time lain nearly lifeless, had succumbed to the horrible torture he was afterwards put to at Guleaguay? He was a prisoner on parole. He thought the government of his captors would itself be glad to get rid of his presence. So he

tried to escape, but was overtaken, and put on a horse, with his hands tied back, and his legs even bound together under the animal's belly. On his refusing to betray the persons who had furnished him with the means for flight, he was first brutally beaten with a whip by the commander of Guleaguay, and then hung up, for two hours, by the wrists, on a rope drawn over a beam in the prison. "I, who had devoted my whole life to the relief of the suffering, who had devoted it to war against tyranny and against priests, the patrons and administrators of torture! My body was burning like a furnace. My stomach dried up the water which I swallowed without interruption, and which was poured into me by a soldier, as if it were a red-hot iron. Such sufferings cannot be described. When they took me down, I no longer moaned; I was in a swoon; I was like a corpse!"

What a narrow escape the Italian cause there had! But that is a view which the armchair philosophers of the political cloud-cuckoo-land will perhaps not agree to. Yet it is a view which was practically held by two men of such different cast of thought as Garibaldi, the freethinker, and Mazzini, the prophet, whose device was: "God and the people."

As a patriotic democrat Garibaldi had begun his political life. This is what, at the end of his career, he writes in the preface to his memoirs: —

A stormy life, made up of good and evil, as I believe to be that of the greater number of men. . . . A hater of tyranny and of falsehood — hence a Republican; this being the system of honest people, the normal system when wished for by the majority and not imposed by violence and imposture. Tolerant and not exclusive, I am not capable of obtruding my republicanism by force — say, for instance, upon the English, when they are content with the Government of Queen Victoria. And, content as they are, their Government must pass for being republican. . . . In everything I have written I have always most especially attacked the priestly system, because in it I have always believed I should find the prop of every despotism, of every vice, of every kind of corruption. . . . I may be accused of pessimism; but the patient reader must forgive me: to-day I enter my sixty-fifth year, and, having during the greater part of my life believed in the bettering of mankind, I feel embittered by seeing so much evil and so much corruption in this so-called civilized century. . . . A friend of peace, of right, of justice, I am yet compelled to conclude with the axiom of the Spanish-American General: "La guerra es la verdadera vida del hombre." (War is the true life of man.)

* Scritti Editi e Inediti di Giuseppe Mazzini, vol. iii., p. 334.

† Garibaldi. Con Documenti Editi e Inediti; di Giuseppe Guerzoni.

It was in 1849 that Garibaldi wrote the following words, which he gives in the present book:—

Rome, which I saw in my youthful mind, was the Rome of the future—Rome of which I have never despaired, not when shipwrecked, not when on the point of death, not when an exile in the depth of American forests. . . . Rome became dear to me above all worldly existence. For me Rome is Italy—the symbol of national union, *under whatever form of Government you may wish*. And the most infernal work of the Papacy was, to keep the country morally and materially divided.

It was with ideas of this kind that he had come over in 1848, with sixty-three of his companions of the Italian Legion he had formed in his South American campaigns, to take part in the war of deliverance. Leaving on April 15, he only landed at his native town, Nizza, on June 23, when the whole continent of Europe was already ablaze with revolution. Full of sadness is his description of the “vagabond and unwelcome existence” he and his associates had for a long time to go through. He saw King Charles Albert at his headquarters. He found him mistrustful, irresolute, hesitating; and though he would not throw a stone on that dead man, but rather leave history to judge him, he yet cannot avoid calling him “the principal cause of our ruin.” The king declined Garibaldi’s service. “I would have served Italy under the orders of that same king as if the nation had been republican; and I would have drawn after me, on the same path of self-abnegation, those youths who had confidence in me. To make Italy one and free from foreign pestilence was my aim; and I believe it was the aim of most men in that epoch.”

At the present time, it may seem difficult to many to realize the picture of Garibaldi not only repelled by the king, but also looked askance at by provisional governments which had issued from barricades. The very costume then already worn by him and his brothers-in-arms gave offence. The pretext put forward was, that the red shirt was too conspicuous in presence of the enemy. Yet no capotes were furnished to his men. Miserably clad, badly equipped, the three thousand volunteers whom he had, after much delay, been allowed to gather round him, looked at last “more like a caravan of Bedaweens than like men organized for the defence of their country.” When battling was suspended, his legion was quartered now here, now there, through-

out the peninsula, in a manner clearly showing how little its presence was relished anywhere.

Garibaldi never stints his praise to those who fought well. But with merciless truthfulness, as if to read a wholesome lesson to his countrymen, he brands the cowardice, the demoralization, which repeatedly broke out in the ranks. Once, in the Lombard campaign of 1848, the braver portion of his men were on the point of firing on the rest, who had begun to fly in every direction; and with difficulty could he and the officers prevent a massacre. Certain patriotic tales of victories then gained over the Austrians he dissects with an unsparing hand. Over and over has he to speak of desertions during the night, when guns were found strewn over the fields, and numbers of men had run away, making tracks across the Swiss border.

His truest men were those of good education, belonging to families of distinction in the various Italian provinces. The peasant element was wholly absent from his camp. Never did a single man of that class enlist as a volunteer for the national cause. Strapping fellows as they were, they only served in the army because forcibly sent into it as recruits. Otherwise, led by the priests with crucifix in hand, they acted as helpmates of reaction, rising against their would-be deliverers and benefactors in Lombardy, in the Duchies, in Tuscany, in the Neapolitan kingdom, and on Roman territory, towards the end of the republic—always under clerical guidance. “Egged on by the priests, the peasants armed and ever will arm themselves against free government:” so Garibaldi indignantly writes after 1849. Here there is evidence—of which history indeed furnishes examples enough—that in a good cause an intelligent and strong minority, striving for the benefit of the masses, has a natural right, under a tyrannical rule, superior to that of an ignorant populace which is systematically kept in a state of mental degradation. No wonder Garibaldi contemptuously dismisses those who, with the parrot-cry of “freedom for all”—meaning freedom for the sworn enemies of intellectual culture—would render it impossible to draw a population, sunk in superstition, out of the vicious circle in which it is kept imprisoned by theocratical fetters. On this subject, Macaulay once also said the right word.

When describing how, in mid-winter (December, 1848), his suffering men had, for the third time, to cross the Apennines,

without even the protection of a capote, Garibaldi says:—

Amidst the evils which assailed us, and which tormented us in our poor country, not the least were the calumnies of the clerical party, whose poison, hidden like that of the reptile, and as deadly, had been spread among the ignorant masses, depicting us in the most horrible colors. According to the priestly necromancers, we were people capable of every species of violence against property and family life, dissolute, and without a shadow of discipline—wherefore our arrival was feared like that of wolves or murderers.

"A race of vampires," "vipers," "disciples of Torquemada," and so forth, are the epithets Garibaldi many a time uses against the agents of the papal hierarchy.

In a country where the overwhelming mass of the population is agricultural, the inertness or downright opposition of the peasantry to a struggling cause is a terrible obstacle. The case of Poland vividly presents itself to the memory. Both in 1848 and in 1849, Garibaldi says, the Austrians and the internal enemies of the national cause easily found guides, spies, and scouts, and always knew of his whereabouts during the campaign, whilst he himself could not get a guide or a spy with a handful of gold. Sometimes an unwilling priest had, therefore, to be requisitioned by force, and marched in front. What with all these wretched experiences, and the shortcomings of the royal government, it is not to be wondered at that the doughty warrior exclaims: "Truly, it was worth while to come for this the whole way from South America to combat the snow of the Apennines! One might have died from shame."

On such occasions his mind wandered back to the gallant deeds of his Italian Legion in South America. He thought of the brave Gauchos on the Pampas. Grief-struck and heart-struck, he compared the "strong sons of Columbus" beyond the Atlantic with his "unwarlike and effeminate countrymen" in Italy, "the enervated sons of Ausonia," "the degenerate descendants of the greatest people," as he calls a number of them, even in 1859. He had a right to speak with contempt of cowards, for he himself never failed in physical or moral courage. He ever stood bravely in the breach, though always racked with rheumatic pains, from which he was a continual sufferer, in consequence of what he had gone through in his American campaigns—so much so that at the proclamation of the Roman republic, on February 8, 1849, he had to

be carried on the shoulders of his adjutant into the Assembly to cast his vote in favor of the establishment of a commonwealth. In the Lombard campaign of 1848, the spirit of his band being much shaken, desertion became so rampant in retreat, that the whole force at last dwindled down to a mere handful. Garibaldi finally reached the Swiss frontier with but thirty men. Fever-stricken, he had to seek temporary refuge there. Returned to Italy; ill-received by governments professing to serve the popular cause; with the small, badly clad, badly fed, and worse armed troop he had once more formed, thrown upon a kind of eleemosynary subsistence, he was glad to find in the people of Ravenna and Bologna a more patriotic, more masculine race than he had sometimes had to deal with. Nothing, however, could be done then. From the life of inaction which weighed upon him, he was drawn by "the Roman dagger which changed our fate, and converted us from outlaws into men gaining the right of citizenship." That dagger was the one which struck down Rossi, the minister of the pope, and opened up the way for the Roman republic.

Garibaldi, who describes himself as a follower of Beccaria—an adversary, in principle, of the penalty of death—speaks in characteristic words of "Harmodios, Pelopidas, and Brutus, who delivered their country from tyrants;" comparing them with those who struck a blow against the Duke of Parma, the Bourbon of Naples, and so forth. It may be brought to recollection here that, after the deliverance of the two Sicilies, he, by a special decree, awarded a pension to the family of Agesi-lao Milano. By one of those strange contrasts which often occur in civil wars, a son of Rossi served under Garibaldi in Lombardy, and is lauded by his leader as a distinguished and valorous officer. Of the deed done at Rome, Garibaldi writes: "The old-world city, being worthy, on that day, of ancient glory, freed itself of a most dangerous satellite of tyranny, and bathed the marble steps of the Capitol with his blood. A Roman youth had found once more the steel of Marcus Brutus."

The adherents of Mazzini have always denied any responsibility for this act. Garibaldi clearly patronizes it. This habit of espousing, as it were, a side different from that of the other most eminent fellow-worker in the democratic camp seems to have gradually arisen in the relations between Mazzini and Garibaldi ever after

1848. It came to a climax with the events of 1859-60. The names of both were the common watchword of Italian democracy; but they themselves appeared to understand each other less from day to day. Whilst now and then co-operating through mutual friends, they off and on fell out like the heroes of some old epic, in which the fate woven by the Valkyrs must be inexorably accomplished. It was sad to behold them thus divided, whilst suffering Liberty mutely showed the wounds she received from the strife of brothers.

By the public in general, little was known of this struggle and jealousy. I saw a great deal of it, being bound to both men by ties of friendship, for a great many years, down to their death. I have been made acquainted with the preparations for various enterprises and expeditions which either Mazzini or Garibaldi planned or officered. The understanding in each case was, that the other Italian leader should not be initiated into the scheme. Thus I knew of Mazzinian preparations for the Sicilian rising of 1860, long before Garibaldi was made acquainted with them. Again, I was informed, by a special messenger from Garibaldi, of his forthcoming expedition against Rome in 1862; word being sent at the same time that Mazzini should not be made a party to the confidential knowledge. This trust I have always scrupulously kept in each case. When I saw the feud growing, my endeavor was to promote, if possible, reconciliation for the sake of a common cause — even as I had tried to do in the estrangement between the two chief republican leaders of France, Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc; in each case with indifferent success. All this I only mention so that my wish for impartial judgment may be understood.

Garibaldi complains that as early as 1848 he was subjected to a kind of ostracism by the friends of Mazzini. That ostracism, he maintains, still lasts (1872). Its motive or pretext, he thinks, was that he had been ready, in the year of revolution, to march under the king's banner in a royal army, whilst Mazzini and his associates kept separate under a republican flag. In some passages, Garibaldi maintains that the bearing of Mazzini himself was superior to that of his followers. "*La Mazzineria*," he contemptuously calls them over and over again. In other parts of the book, however, he goes straight for Mazzini, especially when speaking of the Roman republic. In that commonwealth, he says, Mazzini was "practically

the dictator — a title the responsibilities of which he would not assume, well knowing that the modest and pliant character of the triumvirs, Saffi and Armellini, gave him the virtual power."

Owing to this book being composed of chapters written at various times, Garibaldi's expressions are now and then slightly contradictory. After all the recriminations, and after having significantly declared that he is "not accustomed to bear hatred to the individual, least of all after death, but that, writing history, he feels it a duty calmly to make known the wrongs done to him (Garibaldi) in various circumstances by Mazzini," we are suddenly startled, in one of the last chapters, by finding Mazzini, together with Manin and Guerrazzi, among "those who can justly be called the luminaries of the modern period of our national resurrection, and who have well merited of it."

The great grievance of Garibaldi is, that he was not from the beginning invested with the supreme military command at Rome in 1849. He gives the highest character to the members of the Constituent Assembly, declaring them to have been the worthy descendants of glorious sires after so many centuries of serfdom and degradation. He says they were an honor to mankind, equal to the best in the Senates of antiquity and in modern Parliaments, presenting a majestic spectacle. But to the government, that is, to Mazzini, he bears a deep grudge for being appointed, at first, to an inferior command, and only offered the head generalship when the danger had grown overpowering. Mazzini, he observes, claimed to direct war affairs without practical knowledge, whilst he, Garibaldi, might have been expected to understand something of that subject from previous experience. He asserts that the advantages gained over the troops of the king of Naples, as well as, in the beginning, over the French, might have been successfully pursued. Even when Rome could no longer be held, the republican army might have marched out in full order, carrying on the war still for some time in the strong positions of the Apennines. He quotes instances in point from the history of the republic of Rio Grande and from the United States of America, as showing that success was, at least, not impossible. At any rate, he would have preferred the Roman republic to fight as long as it could, so that it would have fallen after Venice, and after Hungary.

This is a soldier's honorable view. But

the careful reader, especially he who understands or sympathizes with the conditions of a republican form of government, will not miss a short sentence on page 234. There Garibaldi says: "On my return to Rome from Rocca d' Arce, seeing how the national cause was managed, *I claimed the dictatorship*; and I claimed the dictatorship even as, in certain cases of my life, I had claimed the helm of a ship which the storm was driving against the surf. *Mazzini and his adherents felt scandalized by this demand.*"

Now, in a revolution, the strong action of a single man often proves the means of victory. Nor can it be denied that Garibaldi, with the true warrior's eye, had judged the military position far better than the government of the republic did. It was not he who had allowed himself to be deceived by the treacherous political game with which the future murderer of the French republic succeeded in gaining time, through the mission of M. Lesseps, for the sorely pressed General Oudinot. Contrary to the armistice, "that perjured soldier of Bonaparte" attacked before the armistice was over. Garibaldi, however, had all along penetrated the real design, and was ready for him. The heroic defence stands on record as a brilliant page in history.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that to "claim the dictatorship" in a regularly constituted republican government naturally gives rise to suspicion. The Garibaldi of those days was certainly known as a man of experience in guerilla warfare. Still, the very adventurousness of his antecedents, in States where military dictatorships are but too frequent, was apt to make firm commonwealth men rather uneasy when a general simply "claimed" the supreme power, instead of its being conferred upon him. Who could know, at that time, what use he might eventually make of such power? The Mazzinians remembered mainly that in 1848 he had followed a line of policy different from their own. Now that they had established a republic, they were loth to grant a dictatorship to one of whom they were not absolutely sure in a political sense.

In the preface to the present memoirs, Garibaldi advocates, on the very first page — writing in 1872 — the necessity of "an honest and temporary dictatorship" for nations like France, Spain, and Italy, as distinguished from the state of things in England. Repeatedly he recurs to that

idea. It was a fixed one with him, as I had occasion to find in 1864. Having one day, in company with my wife, taken him from the charmed circle in which he was then somewhat confined in the house of the Duke of Sutherland, and conducted him, from my house, first to Ledru-Rollin, and then to Louis Blanc, questions relating to future action were then and there discussed.

"Are you still a republican?" Mme. Ledru-Rollin asked him point-blank, with that directness of speech which is the privilege of ladies.

"Certainly!" he answered. Then he added: "If the time should come for renewing the movement for a commonwealth in Italy, I believe a dictator will have to be appointed by way of transition, in order to ensure success."

Nobody among us doubted whom he had in view.

Owing to his bringing up as an ordinary seaman and his freebooter's life abroad, Garibaldi, in 1849, was, in culture of mind, even less to be compared to Mazzini than in later years. Of his natural intellectual aptitude, I confess, I hold a higher opinion than some of his democratic compatriots would acknowledge. I am also convinced that his so-called simplicity was far less than appearances might seem to warrant. This was my distinct impression from personal observation, especially when, as the appointed spokesman of the Germans in London, I was invited by him to see him in the Isle of Wight, before his entry into London, on which occasion many political questions were confidentially discussed. However, Mazzini would openly say among friends, with a somewhat startling candor: "I am the head, he is the arm of our cause!" Such claims and counter-claims could not but create a deal of friction.

For all that, it is painful in the extreme to find so much acerbity in Garibaldi's memoirs, as regards the man who has been rightly called the apostle of Italian freedom and union, when we remember how Garibaldi expressed himself in London in 1864, in a toast given at Alexander Herzen's house. There he literally said:

I am about to make a declaration which I ought to have made long ago. There is a man amongst us here, who has rendered the greatest service to our country and to the cause of freedom. When I was a youth, having nought but aspirations towards the good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my young years. I sought such a man even as he who is athirst seeketh

the spring. I found the man. He alone watched when all around him slept; he alone fed the sacred flame. He has ever remained my friend; ever as full of love for his country, and of devotion to the cause of liberty. This man is Joseph Mazzini. To my friend and teacher!

In justice to Mazzini it need only be added that, like Garibaldi, he was, on a paramount occasion, ready to subordinate his republican convictions to the national interest. To the war begun by Napoleon III. in 1859, Mazzini—who had been informed beforehand of the intended enterprise towards the end of 1858, and who then communicated all the details to me in presence of Saffi—was certainly opposed. Finally, however, he sought to make the best of it, and, going to Florence, entered into relations with Ricasoli. Of this he afterwards placed the written evidence before me, as contained on official paper.

All through his life, Mazzini opposed the French claim to leadership in Europe. In Garibaldi's memoirs we find strong language against those who overthrew an Italian sister republic, and who, moreover, "proclaimed the domination of France over the Mediterranean, taking no heed, as they do, of the several nations whose territory borders upon that sea, and who possess a greater right there." The later annexation of Nizza also, "which was sold like a rag," is strongly commented upon in these memoirs.

Grand and noble had been the defence of Rome. With four thousand men, Garibaldi was even able to leave the town without encountering an obstacle. But again the same story comes of most wretched experience, when he tried to rouse the populations in the country. "Not a single man would join me; whilst every night, as if they wanted to cover their disgraceful act in darkness, those who had followed me from Rome deserted." Arms were thrown away plentifully. Guides could not be obtained with money. Officers left him; criminal deeds were committed by a number of the run-aways. Some of them, taken in the act, were shot at his command; but it did not mend matters. Pressed in between French, Neapolitan, and Austrian troops, Garibaldi had to drain the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. In vain did he implore his wife, who was ill and in a state of advanced pregnancy, to remain at San Marino, that miniature republic, where she would have been safe. "Thou meanest to forsake me!" she cried. This left him no choice. Again the weary way

of flight began until she fell dead. Then Garibaldi, without having time to bury her, had to fly, urged by those who had given him shelter, lest he, too, should have the fate of his companions, Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio, who were court-martialled and shot.

We may pass over his temporary imprisonment at Genoa, where, though treated with deference, he was, at the orders of General La Marmora, put on board a war vessel; his embarkation for Tunis; his expulsion from thence; and his landing at Gibraltar, where the English governor only allowed him six days. His love for "the generous English nation," he says, "whose country is the universal port of refuge for exiles, made him feel only the more deeply this kick administered to a defeated man." At last, again tormented by rheumatic pains during the sea voyage, he "was landed at Staten Island, like a box, being unable to move a limb." The wretched life of poverty that followed, need not be detailed here. Giuseppe Pane—Joseph Bread—was the assumed name he then bore, working, for a time, as a candle-maker.

Returned to Europe; silencing his republican conscience for the sake of the resurrection of Italy in 1859, Garibaldi complains of the "low intrigues" of Cavour and his "cowardly set" (*codarda consorteria*), who were too much in the hands of that "vulpine knave" Napoleon. They were glad to get Garibaldi's name, so as to attach the democratic section to the king's cause. At the same time "Garibaldi was to duck down, to show himself and yet not to show himself, so as not to give umbrage to diplomacy." He was used as a banner wherewith to attract volunteers. When, however, they were of the age of eighteen to twenty-six, they were embodied in the line, whilst he got those who were too young, too old, or physically weak. "Miserable rogues!" Garibaldi exclaims against those placed high in power. The king he found to be better than his surroundings. Ricasoli also was one of the better sort; but Farini, Minghetti, Rattazzi, Cipriani, were either in the meshes of Cavourian policy or utterly Napoleonized. By secret orders, Garibaldi's own subordinates were made to disobey him. He became quite disgusted; "dragging on a most deplorable existence during several months, doing little or nothing in a country where so much could and ought to have been done."

We now come to that first plan for the

invasion of the States of the Church and of Naples, which led to his resignation as a Sardinian general in 1859. It need not be said that this was a patriotic scheme prepared in secret, in opposition to the policy of Napoleon. Garibaldi, as general of the volunteers, was to officer it, taking the whole responsibility upon himself. He had reason, he says, to expect something from the king. The understanding was, that, though not authorizing the enterprise, Victor Emmanuel at least tacitly assented to it—even though, under certain circumstances, he might have to repress Garibaldi. All of a sudden, however, the latter was called to Turin, and a veto was laid upon the whole undertaking. Had it been allowed, it would certainly have led, by an expedition on land, to that downfall of the Bourbon dynasty which in the following year was achieved by the Sicilian rising and the landing of the Thousand.

Garibaldi does not enter very much into the details of this affair. The version of Mazzini, as given to me, is that Garibaldi, thinking himself sure of the king, broached the matter to him, contrary to the original agreement. The plan itself Mazzini professed to have been the first to start. The parole was: "*Al centro, al centro! mirando al sud!*" (To the centre, to the centre! aiming at the south!) On a fixed day, Garibaldi was to order his men to march forth. The king was *not* to be informed beforehand, lest he should make the plan known to his chief minister, and the secret thus find its way to Paris. This was what really happened as soon as Garibaldi had initiated Victor Emmanuel. A thundering despatch came from Napoleon, and Garibaldi had to resign. The secret, in this instance, not having been kept—Mazzini further explained—the first confidential understandings in regard to the campaign to be begun in Sicily (1860) were *not* communicated to Garibaldi. In that case, too, Mazzini and his friends were the initiators. Having been present at some of the preparations, I can vouch for what was then being done.

When speaking of the Sicilian revolution of 1860, which is the very epic of national deliverance, the leader of the Thousand rises to almost poetical language. Most people believe—so great is the power of myth-formation even in politics—that it was Garibaldi who planned the movement and began the campaign. The truth is that he only landed at Marsala six weeks after the insurrection had been in full swing. Originally he had even

discountenanced the attempt. He did so when approached on the subject by Rosolino Pilo, the first leader of the rising, who afterwards fell in battle, and whom, together with Corrao, Garibaldi himself calls "the two heroic sons of Sicily, the true forerunners of the Thousand."

Here are Garibaldi's own words:—

Rosolino Pilo and Corrao were on the point of leaving for Sicily. Knowing, as I did, the character of him (Cavour) who governed the fate of Northern Italy, and not having shaken off yet the scepticism into which the recent occurrences of the last month of 1859 had precipitated me, I advised against action if there were not more positive news as to the insurrection. I threw the ice of the man of experience on the fervent and powerful resolution of youthful will. But it was written in the Book of Destiny that icy coldness and *doctrinaire* pedantry had in vain cast obstacles in the way of the victorious march of the Italian cause. I advised them *not* to act—but, by God! they did act; and a morning light of news arrived that the rising in Sicily was not extinguished. I to dissuade from action? But must not the Italian be wherever the Italian fights for the national cause against tyranny?

So he went.

Meanwhile [he continues] the Government of Cavour began to spread that net of snares and of miserable opposition which persecuted our expedition down to the last. Cavour's men, of course, could not say outright: "We are against an expedition in Sicily." Had they done so, the public opinion of our populations in general would have marked them as infamous; and that fictitious popularity which they had gained by means of the nation's money, buying therewith men and journals, would in all likelihood have been undermined.

Thus it was only that Garibaldi could make some preparations in aid, as he expresses it, of "the descendants of the brave men of the Sicilian Vespers," without much fear of being arrested. But La Farina was delegated by Cavour to watch him; and he tried to make Garibaldi give up the enterprise, declaring that "he (La Farina), being himself a native of the island, knew the Sicilian people well enough, and that the insurgents, having lost Palermo, were in every way lost."

Then Garibaldi describes how Cavour gave the order that fifteen thousand good guns, which, together with ample pecuniary means, were at Milan, at the service of the Thousand, should not be delivered. The royal troops barred the entrance to the place of deposit. One thousand wretched guns and eight thousand francs were afterwards offered by La Farina,

and accepted, owing to the stress of circumstances. With such extremely bad weapons the glorious battles had to be fought against the well-armed Bourbonic troops. On this occasion, as on many others, Garibaldi calls Cavour and his party "foxes." It was well known at the time that the Piedmontese premier spoke of Garibaldi as "that fool," and that he expected the expedition to fail, either through the Thousand being captured at sea, or through an encounter on land with the superior forces of the king of Naples. The abominable quality of the only guns that were allowed, might of course have contributed to such defeat.

By training, and even by preference of language, Cavour had more of the French than of the Italian character. His original aim was simply the establishment of a north-Italian kingdom. He did not even believe in the possibility of uniting the populations of the whole peninsula; at first he was averse to the scheme. He thought the southerners were too different from the people of the north, not only as a race, but also in temperament. He assumed that they could not be brought into proper line with the people of the north, as they were either extreme Bourbonists or republicans, and that constitutional government would thus be hampered. The powerful ally, without whom he felt himself helpless, had in view, on his part, the formation of a Muratist kingdom in the two Sicilies. It had even been the plan of Napoleon III. in 1859 to give Tuscany to Prince Jerome Napoleon, who had married the daughter of Victor Emmanuel. The States of the Church, too, being under the French protectorate, Napoleon III. wished to group the whole, including an aggrandized Piedmont, into a confederation, with himself as lord paramount, and the pope as honorary president. All this must be kept in mind in order to understand Cavour's wretched policy as regards Garibaldi. Whilst hampering the expedition in every possible manner, the Piedmontese premier, with an eye to any chance eventuality, penned now and then a few lines in secret, which could be usefully produced if, after all, things were to turn out different from what he expected. This is the secret of his famous "confidential correspondence."

Garibaldi, who repeatedly speaks of his great respect for England, destroys the myth as to the landing of the Thousand at Marsala having been facilitated by the action of English men-of-war. On the other hand he says that the Neapolitan

navy gave a kind of tacit consent to the national movement, for "if it had been entirely hostile, it could have done much to retard our progress towards the capital." At Naples he found Cavourism even more intriguing than at Palermo. At first, the agents of that party had hoped to be able to restrict the rising to Sicily, and to prevent the crossing of the Straits. For that purpose they "called in the aid of their magnanimous patron (Napoleon III.). Already a vessel of the French navy had appeared; but we were powerfully relieved by the veto of Lord John Russell, who, in Albion's name, compelled the master of France to refrain from intervening in our affairs." It is here that Garibaldi acknowledges the indebtedness of the Italians to this country.

In honor of his Thousand, Garibaldi intones a perfect paean. Yet, even in regard to this otherwise glorious campaign, he cannot avoid speaking with anger of a case of sudden, entirely groundless fear among a number of his men. He himself nearly became the victim of the wild alarm, the affrighted troops firing away in every direction. He, being on horseback in their midst, had to throw himself down on the ground, and only one bullet struck his hat. Here he expresses once more his contempt for those cravens whom the cry: "Cavalry! cavalry!" more than once during his Italian expeditions, terrified into abject fright; and he gives good advice as to how to meet a cavalry charge. To a sudden panic, he says, the southern Italians are the most liable. In fact, it is well known that the best fighting forces of the country are drawn from the north.

Curiously enough, Garibaldi passes over his resignation of the dictatorship at Naples, and his proclamation of Victor Emmanuel as "king of Italy," with two lines. Between the lines one can read his feelings of disappointment. There are other omissions, as those must feel who know the inner history of the events of those days. Rosolino Pilo had headed the first movement with the pledge that "the question of a republic should not be raised." Garibaldi had gone to Sicily with the declaration that the programme should be: "Italy and Victor Emmanuel." At the same time there was an understanding that the campaign should be continued up to Rome, where a Constituent Assembly was to be convoked. A number of men on Garibaldi's staff were reckoned to be won to this plan, which was Mazzini's. Garibaldi was said to have consented. The fact of Garibaldi having offered

the pro-dictatorship to Aurelio Saffi, the Roman ex-triumvir and Mazzini's best friend, goes far to support this statement, which is Mazzini's own, as made to me before and after the events of 1860. Only in a note and in a few sentences in his memoirs, Garibaldi seems vaguely to allude to this agreement, as if to defend himself. "*In other times*," he writes, "*a Constituent Assembly might have been convoked*." In that epoch it was impossible, and only loss of time and a ridiculous confusion of the question would have ensued. In those days, annexations with plebiscites were the fashion. Populations deluded by political 'rings' (*consorterie*) expected everything from the reforming action of government."

In the following chapter on Aspromonte (1862) Garibaldi returns to the charge as regards the deliverance of southern Italy:—

Three times [he writes] the Savoyard Monarchy launched its veto against the expedition of the Thousand. First, it would not allow it to start for Sicily. Then, it would not have it pass the Faro. Lastly, it would not have it pass the Volturno. But it did start for Sicily; it did pass the Faro and the Volturno; and Italian affairs did not go worse for that. As to the Mazzinians, they cried, and they still cry to-day: "You were bound to proclaim the Republic." As if those learned men, accustomed to give laws to the world from the depth of their study, could have known the moral and material state of the populations better than we who had the luck to head them and to lead them to victory! No doubt, monarchies, even as the priests, show every day more and more that nothing good can be expected from them. But that the Republic ought to have been proclaimed from Palermo to Naples in 1860, that is *false*. [Garibaldi italicizes the word.]

Even so. But truth to say, that was not the demand of Mazzini, nor was it the tenor of the original understanding. The compact was, to continue the campaign up to Rome, and, having conquered the capital, to convoke a Constituent Assembly. Certainly, the republican party might then have tried issue with the monarchists. In point of fact, and in order not to be unjust to Garibaldi, it must be avowed that no choice was left him at the Volturno, the Piedmontese army being ready at hand to enforce Cavour's policy. So *he* proclaimed Victor Emmanuel "king of Italy."

Dealing with his attempt to gain Rome in 1862, which disastrously ended at Aspromonte, Garibaldi speaks of the Papacy as "the cruellest and fiercest foe of Italy."

In another chapter he quotes Guerrazzi's description of the Papacy as "a heap of dirt and blood." Of the house of Savoy he bitingly remarks that "the crime committed by him (Garibaldi) of having gained ten victories, and the insult of having aggrandized the king's appanage, stood in his way; these are things which monarchs never forgive." Being opposed by the Italian army itself, he found the people in a state of fright, and unwilling to give his poor volunteers even the most necessary food. When, by a wonder, a shepherd with his flock was met, he would not enter into a bargain. "It was worse than if we had been robbers. But it was not the first time that I saw Italian populations inert and indifferent to the would-be deliverer. Not so in Sicily, it is but right to avow; for that generous people was as ardent in 1862 as it had been before."

When he lay wounded—

I feel repugnance [he writes] to relate what miseries had to be endured. But so many of them were heaped upon me that even the frequenters of sewers might have become nauseated thereby. There were some who rubbed their hands at the news, joyful for them, of my wounds which were held to be deadly. Others abjured their friendship for me; and there were those who said they had deceived themselves when formerly praising some merit of mine. . . . True, some commonplace civilities were shown me, such as are customary in the case of great criminals when they are led to the scaffold. Yet, instead of leaving me in a hospital at Reggio or Messina, I was put on board a frigate and conducted to the Varignano, thus making me cross the whole Tyrrhene Sea, and inflicting the greatest torment upon me through my wound.

All for the crime of having tried to convert Rome into the capital of Victor Emmanuel!

Here it may be useful to mention that, shortly before this attempt, Napoleon had entered into negotiations with Rattazzi, whose Cabinet was then just constituted, for drawing Italy into his Mexican campaign, with a view of constituting an alliance, which afterwards was to be sealed once more by a common Franco-Italian war against Germany. Garibaldi, invited to come over from Caprera, was offered a special part in this plan of the future. Arms and a million lire were promised to him. He listened to Rattazzi's proposals, but kept his own counsel. Then he broke forth with the parole of "Rome or death!"—thus foiling the Bonapartist scheme. This is what he made known to me, with many other details, before he started for his Roman expedition in 1862.

Of that enterprise Mazzini had not previously been informed.

A strange gap occurs here in the "Memoirs of Garibaldi." His triumphal reception in England in 1864, his whole sojourn here, are not mentioned with a word. It is a strange omission. Has he left no notes of that, though it was an event which strongly influenced even the subsequent course of English politics through the impression made upon the masses, both by his stay and by his forced departure? A great deal might be said on the subject. As to his forced departure, the first communication, outside Stafford House, was at the time made by Garibaldi personally to the present writer. Those who care to have full details, may with advantage turn to Guerzoni's work.

In the Tyrolese campaign of 1866, the leader of the red shirts again found "little love among the peasantry for the national cause," whilst the German Tyrolese volunteers fought stoutly against him. To Archduke Albert, who at Custoza defeated an Italian army twice as numerous as that of the enemy, Garibaldi pays a high compliment, in spite of his hatred against Austria. The Italian fleet, also, was more numerous, and of a quality superior to that of the Austrian squadron. Yet it also was beaten by Admiral Tegethoff.

Then came, in 1867, Garibaldi's new attempt to gain Rome, which ended at Mentana. Here he suddenly refers to his being still "invested, as general of the Roman republic, with extraordinary powers from that government—the most legitimate which ever has existed in Italy." By the bye, it may be brought to recollection that Lord Palmerston one day said in Parliament that "Rome had never been better governed than during the republic of 1849." I remember that once, in a letter made public after 1859, Garibaldi claimed extraordinary powers in virtue of a formal decree of the representatives of the Roman people, resolved upon shortly before the French entered Rome. It shows that he himself did not absolutely exclude the possibility of a fresh start in the republican sense. In this campaign in the Agro Romano, in 1867, when the "Pontifex of Falsehood," as he calls him, was to be overthrown, there were again divided counsels in the democratic camp. Still Garibaldi avers that "Mazzini was certainly better than his followers." He quotes a letter he received from him some years afterwards,

which shows that Mazzini, "though not believing in the possibility of success, and though convinced that it would have been better to concentrate all forces upon a rising in the city of Rome, instead of beginning in the province, yet gave help, as much as he could, when the enterprise was once begun."

In this instance, also, the volunteers, whose right wing was composed of courageous Romagnoles, had great difficulties through not being able to obtain guides among the country people. "It is incredible," Garibaldi says, "this state of cretinism and of fear, to which the priest has reduced those descendants of the antique legions of Marius and Scipio." As it had been in 1849, so it was in 1867. Then he flies out against "a certain great, but wily statesman, who spoke of a 'free Church in a free State'"—as if the first duty were not to raise an intellectually degraded mass from the slough of superstition.

With the French campaign of 1870–71 the memoirs deal very briefly. Garibaldi says he will leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts he is going to tell; but he truly depicts his disappointment and his disillusion in colors strong enough.

That I should not have been received with good grace by the Savoyard Monarchy, on my arrival from America in 1848, was quite natural. That I should have given rise to antipathies amongst its servitors, from the Prime Minister to the generals of the army, and down to the last door-keepers, wedded as they were to the existence of the Royal Government, were also the normal consequences of men and things. . . . The same fate befell me in France in 1870 and 1871. No doubt, in France, as in Italy, I have found among the populations an enthusiastic sympathy, which was certainly far greater than my deserts. The French Government of National Defence, composed of three honest individuals, who merited the confidence of the country, received me because I was forced upon them by the events. But they received me with coldness, and with the manifest intention, even as it had often happened to me in Italy, of wishing to make use of my poor name, but not otherwise—depriving me in reality of the necessary means which could have made my co-operation a useful one. Individually, Gambetta, Crémieux, and Glais-Bizoin were pleasant with me; but Gambetta, more than all—he of whom I ought to have expected, if not personal sympathy, at least an active and energetic support—left me quite forsaken during a most precious time. In the first days of September, 1870, the Provisional Government was proclaimed in France, and on the 6th of

that month I offered my services to that Government which always was ashamed of calling itself Republican. The French Government let a month pass without answering me—a precious time, during which much could have been done, and which was, so to say, wholly lost.

This clear statement disposes, first, of the false allegation that Garibaldi had been invited by the French government. It, secondly, shows what his reception was, not only by the Royalists, Ultramontanes, and other reactionaries of the subsequent Assembly at Bordeaux, but from the very commencement, by those who, as democratic leaders, stood at the helm of affairs. The truth is—as Garibaldi's own adjutant, General Bordone, who fetched him from Caprera, and landed with him at Marseilles on October 7, has fully explained*—that many of those connected with the Government of National Defence did not even wish for Garibaldi's appearance. Many causes probably conspired to that effect. Under the Government of National Defence, Bonapartist officers, as well as Chouans like Cathelineau, who took their inspiration from the Holy Virgin, were for a time to the fore. To them the name of the anti-papal Garibaldi was hateful beyond measure. Again, the very idea of the national unity of Italy was distasteful to a great many French politicians, both to those of the constitutionalist school of M. Thiers, and to a number even of professed republicans. Ledru-Rollin, in 1849, had nobly sacrificed his whole career for the sake of the Roman republic, by trying to bring about a rising against Louis Bonaparte. He paid for it with a more than twenty years' exile. Among French democrats in general, the idea, however, was in 1870 not extinct that France, whilst being herself strictly united and centralized, and therefore always ready for attack, ought to be surrounded only by nations with loose federative constitutions. Even the notion that France should have a hold upon Rome, found favor with many so-called Liberals of France. Gaul and Italian, therefore, did not match well.

Not a few of Garibaldi's best fellow-workers had by no means relished his going over to France. Mrs. Jessie White Mario, to whom Garibaldi, in his memoirs, expresses his gratitude for the thoughtful care she took of his wounded, both in Italy and in France, says † that "the news of the victories of Weissenburg and

Wörth, up to Sedan, swelled the bosoms of the Italians with enthusiasm; that Italians rejoiced at the triumph of the good cause, and still more at the overthrow of French arrogance and the destruction of the Napoleonic empire; and that they felt in each German victory an Italian revenge." Rome could only be taken in consequence of these victories.

And yet Garibaldi wanted to fight on the side of France?

The true reasons of this resolution of his were, no doubt, twofold. He had been strongly urged by a group of the party of action to get possession of Nizza, and to declare it, in the first instance, a free town, under his own captainship. "We desire German unity as we desire Italian unity; and we hate the French empire. We want Rome and Nizza. Aid us, and reckon upon us. But if help is to be useful to us, it must come with lightning rapidity." So Mazzini wrote to me from Italy, under date of August 1, 1870, after I had made to him a proposal, in the name of a number of patriotic men of various political party views at Berlin, placing arms and pecuniary means at the service of the Italian party of action, in order to foil, by a diversion upon Rome, the apprehended alliance between Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, which Mazzini himself declared to be "a decided fact," and which Prince Bismarck, only a year ago, said was then to be feared.

Now, Garibaldi was loth to undertake a move upon Nizza, lest he should once more get into conflict, not only with France, but with the Italian government. In order to escape from the importunate demands addressed to him, he offered his services to France, hoping that, as a reward for his help, he would obtain the retrocession of Nizza. A French journal indeed wrote at the time: "We shall restore to him his native home, his beloved Nizza." It is too well known how hollow that hope and that irresponsible promise were. A few years afterwards Garibaldi, more and more angered by French policy, wrote to me from Caprera (December 30, 1874): "You, as a friend and colleague in political views, are no doubt well convinced that I did by no means intend combating Germany in 1870 and '71. I rather served the republican principle."

In his memoirs, Garibaldi invariably—with one single exception—speaks of those he had to fight in 1870–71 as Prussians. It is as if, having formerly so often spoken of Germany in the highest terms, he wanted to save his conscience by an

* See Bordone's Garibaldi et l'Armée des Vosges, 1871.

† Vita di Giuseppe Garibaldi, vol. ii., pp. 145–46.

apparent distinction which does not mark any real difference. The Lombard and the Sicilian, the Tuscan, the Roman, and the Neapolitan, all pass for Italians. The same with the Picard and the Provençal, the Breton (though he mostly speaks Keltic), the Burgundian, the Auvergnat, and the Gascon, who all pass for Frenchmen; even the German-speaking Alsatian is still claimed. The German nation, which for a thousand years, until the beginning of this century, was a kingdom and an empire, and then a confederacy, is one in race, speech, and history; and it is fortunately idle now to appeal to local jealousies in the interest of foreign aggression. Garibaldi must have known that among those whom he found very tough enemies in eastern France, there were not only Prussians, but also south-Germans, Badenians. Of German valor he speaks in language of high praise. On one occasion he says, in his free and easy way: "We were received with a hailstorm of fusillade such as I had never seen the like of; and something more than intrepidity was required to present the phiz (*muso*) to such a tempest." Again, as to another battle:

The attack was formidable; on that day I saw hostile soldiers than whom I have never seen better. The column which marched against us was admirable by its valor and its cool firmness. It came down upon us, compact as a storm cloud, — not with rapid step, but with a uniformity, an order, and a composure truly terrible.

Garibaldi's men fought well. Still, he has to complain of individual cases of cowardice, of which he also says that he "has never seen or heard the like in his military life." A certain Colonel Chenet, who performed prodigies of dastardliness, he was near having shot. As the same man repeated this cowardly conduct to an even larger degree, Garibaldi expresses his regret at "having had the good-natured weakness of saving him from the death to which the court-martial had condemned him." The following, characteristic of Garibaldi's experience in warfare, shows him in his satirical mood: —

In certain cases, it is best to treat the animal, Man, as is done with the animal, Ox. He breaks loose? Well, let him break loose, and run away according to his bent! Woe to you if you commit the imprudence of crossing his path! He will throw down horses and riders, even as it happened to me at Velletri in 1849, where I saved my skin, black with contusions, by a miracle. He breaks loose? Let him break loose; let him fly, precipitate

himself headlong; don't mind it, and content yourself with keeping above, on the flanks, or at the tail — for he will meet with an obstacle; a river or a mountain will stop him; or hunger, or thirst, or some new terror, nearer and greater than that which made him fly, will stay him. Then is the time. Gather together once more, as you can, the animals called men; procure food and drink for them, and give them rest; and when they are satiated and have recovered from fatigue, and their morale is raised again, they will remember their shameful flight, their dereliction of duty, and glory — the worst of human follies.

In this way Garibaldi goes on in connection with what happened near Autun. To a courageous correspondent of the London *Daily News*, a young Italian, of the name of Zicchitelli, he pays a high compliment for the great services rendered to him during this campaign.

Then comes the capitulation of Paris, and the convocation of the Assembly at Bordeaux, to which Garibaldi was elected as a member in several departments. "Everybody knows," he writes, "how I was received by the majority of the deputies. Being sure of not being able to do anything more for the unhappy country which I had come to serve in its misfortune, I resolved upon leaving for Marseilles, and thence for Caprera, where I arrived on February 16, 1871. The army of the Vosges, composed of too republican an element, had of course to undergo the antipathy of the government of Thiers, and was dissolved."

It will be remembered that, when rising in the French Assembly, Garibaldi was received with a noise which prevented him from making himself heard. His only object was — so he told Mrs. Jessie White Mario — to speak in favor of the orphans and the widows of those that had fallen in battle under his command, and of those that had become cripples. Instead of listening, the mass of the deputies made for the door, amidst a deafening din. "Gentlemen, have you not heard? Garibaldi wants to speak!" exclaimed M. Esquiro, a republican member; but in vain. The tumult and the confusion were indescribable. The president of the Assembly, in a tone of fury, asked Garibaldi: "What do you want? The sitting is closed!" A moment of quiet followed. "Speak, speak!" exclaimed the public; but Garibaldi would not, unless he had the permission of the president. Meanwhile, the tremendous hubbub still grew; the deputies went out — and so Garibaldi left, applauded by a crowd. At the same mo-

ment M. Thiers went out, and said contemptuously:—

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela ?*"

"*C'est Garibaldi,*" he was answered, "who is worth more than all of you together!"

After this—as recorded by Mrs. Mario—it will be understood that Garibaldi should allude to Thiers in very slighting terms. Once he calls him the "little monarch of the French republic." With such discordant notes the memoirs conclude. In an appendix of but two pages, written in 1875, he says:—

It is painful to me to have to eulogize an Austrian general; nevertheless, for the enlightenment of our youth, which, perhaps, may yet be forced to fight against foreign soldiers, I must tell the truth. The Archduke Albert was the only and the true general of the battle of Custoza.

In pursuance of this theme, he gives some tactical hints. In these words of his the key is, no doubt, to be found of his bitter outspokenness on other matters. He wants to give lessons for the future.

For all that, the memoirs are, on not a few points, incomplete. "Has everything been printed?" people ask here and there. That there should not be a word in the book about his second wife and the children he had by her, may be understood from the peculiar delicacy of this subject at the time he wrote; the unfortunate marriage of a few hours with the Countess Raimondi being still in the background when he penned his memoirs. It was only in 1880, as Guerzoni states, that that marriage was formally dissolved by the Court of Appeal at Rome. But there are some political occurrences of deep import on which the founder of Italian unity might have shed "a little more light." So far as he is concerned, some knowledge, which could have lighted up many a dark historical page, is now forever hidden in that tomb where he still lies buried, contrary to his last will, in which he ordained his body to be burnt.

Even as, more than once, he had met with shameful ingratitude in life, so his express wish was not even respected in death. From the grave the hand of the old warrior now reaches out again to deal blows to the enemies of the cause of popular progress. And with a feeling of wonder the younger generation may read, in the racy Italian of these memoirs, what enormous difficulties he had to contend against, in order to achieve the great things which he did achieve.

KARL BLIND.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

SOME CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

"I WISH you would set down some reminiscences," a friend (?) said to me one day, after we had been idly turning over some years of common recollection. Then he added, "You must have made many interesting notes at one time or another." That is just what I have never done. I cannot understand how a man keeps a diary of solitary gossip, and daily turns the key of his book-lock (which anybody can open) upon his written thoughts. I have many a time put angry or savage feelings into ink, and even addressed them to some offender, but then I have never gone the length of putting them into the post. If I wanted them to be set down in black and white, and then securely kept from other eyes, I have hidden them in the only box which cannot be broken—*i.e.*, I have written and then burnt them. There is no safe like the fire. Give me a bundle of lucifers, not a bunch of keys, and then I will take care that no one shall read your libellous document.

But about these reminiscences. There were some after all, though they had never been caught and caged. So, in an hour of gossiping mood, I began to put them into written words, and finding (I was going to say) a faint pleasure (but that would not be fair, for the enjoyment has been distinct) in so doing, have yielded to such a belief in simple sympathy as to stick them on the slide of an editorial microscope and push them into place, while the editor's eye was glaring into the little end of the instrument. And if he has not wiped them off, they will be here. They are memories of no overshadowingly mighty men and things, and yet personalities need not be gigantic in order to be pleasant. Nor are they recorded in order. Though each result of recollection is accurate enough, they are all mixed up together.

The man of whom my early memory retains the most vivid impression was the famous Dr. Valpy, of Reading School, who was a great friend of ours. Indeed, my maternal grandfather, a scholarly old bencher of the Middle Temple, who wrote a beautifully small and distinct hand, helped him a good deal in the preparation of the Delphin Classics, which were published by his son Abraham John. There are heaps of annotated Virgils and Ciceros about our house now. Well, the doctor was stone-blind, and staying with us. I was a mischievous little boy, secretly pleased that the doctor couldn't find me.

But he used to haunt the house (I see him now) with his hands stretched out as if about to bless. I didn't associate that purpose with his gestures. He had been an insistent flogger, and was, indeed, a grand past-master in the birching craft. An uncle of mine, under him (often) at Reading, used to tell me that half-a-dozen boys were to be seen any morning before breakfast outside the doctor's study, sitting on a large stone (which had the credit of being exceptionally cold), in order to go into the presence numb. Now—so it comes to be at last with the athlete himself—the doctor was very old and weak, and went about the place with (apparently) palms of benediction. Nevertheless, one day, he wheeled round in his benignant course and suddenly got me into a corner. The trembling hands came down upon my head. There was no escape. Immediately the schoolmaster pulse began to beat, and he bade me bring a Virgil that I might construe to him. Fortunately, my dear mother was a Latin scholar, and (I do not remember ever having seen an English grammar, or been taught to read) had gone through part of the *Æneid* with me when I was quite small. So I construed; and the doctor gave me half-a-crown—*exfurcavit semi-coronam*. That is the clearest of my early clerical reminiscences. The next to it is of Samuel Rickards. He was intimate with Keble and Newman, who used to visit the Rickardses, and whose sisters helped to work the altar-cloth now in the church. The cardinal is still called "Mr. John" by an old couple who to this day live in the lodge at the rectory gate. Moreover, so faintly does the ecclesiastical pulse beat in that little village, with its almshouse and grey flint-patterned church tower—with such deliberation does modern history grow in its atmosphere—so distant is the echo there of religious polemical din, that only the other day they expressed (to the present rector) their genuine surprise and regret at realizing that he (Cardinal Newman) had "joined the Church of Rome." To them he had never been other than "Mr. John." There is a touch of divinely beneficent indifference in this lack of perception, in this superiority to time. And it may well be asked, "When all is said and done, when the brilliant career is over, may not the verdict of the simplest soul be the most true and befitting of all?"

How well do I recollect Mr. Rickards! He used to wear a red dressing-gown (as if a cardinal himself) in his study, and

always began shaking hands with a friend while ten yards off from him. He had the character of being morally courageous (that was impressed by elders on my young mind), and didn't care a straw what he said in the way of personal rebuke to a man's face. One day he met an old neighboring parson in our market town. Said the parson, "Wet day. Wettest day I ever knew, I think. By George!" "Why by George?" replied Rickards. The other turned on his heel and never spoke to him again. The reproachful question was not polite, and seemingly uncalled for. Mr. Rickards, however, was certainly original as well as brave. On another occasion I was passing his garden, and saw him capering about with a battledore in one hand and a long clay pipe in the other, at which he every now and then sucked hastily, drawing his cheeks in, and then disposing of the smoke inartistically, and with gestures of distaste.

What was he about? His servant was taking some honey from the bees; and the parson, being curious to see the process, and at the same time apprehensive, had armed himself with one of his children's battledores and a pipe of tobacco which he had read of in some classic or cyclopædia as being deterrent to bees. It did not seem to be so on this occasion. They came about him viciously, and he was as one playing a sort of invisible tennis with imperceptible balls.

Mr. Rickards was a theologian, and keenly sniffed the stir which the "Tracts for the Times" made even in the still air of our country-side. I was too young to apprehend the matter, but, learning that, on conscientious grounds, he would no longer attend the Bible Society meetings which my father held (in the church), I recollect wondering what made a religious man set himself (so the matter then showed itself to me) against the Scriptures.

Those Bible meetings were holidays to children. We didn't take the slightest interest in their object, and felt the profoundest (concealed) contempt for those devout little boys who (in tracts) gave up having sugar with their tea in order that they might promote the good cause. Nevertheless, we enjoyed the meetings hugely, without any display of irreverence, or sin of hypocrisy. And we were cheerful givers of some coppers when the business was over, and men stood in the porch with willow-pattern soup-plates to waylay the retiring audience. The gatherings—I don't mean of money, but hearers—were

popular. A row of speakers stood in the front seats of a gallery which ran across the church, and talked thence to the audience, who sat the wrong way in the pews. That in itself gave a fresh, if not a revolutionary taste to the proceeding. Altogether the occasion was delightful. The speakers were mostly neighboring parsons, who always were in the habit of reading their sermons, and could not utter ten words easily in public without a manuscript—rigidly prohibited on these occasions. Thus they floundered prodigiously—all but the “deputation,” a confident, garrulous old gentleman with no end of mild stories, which being however told in church created a sense of half-questionable naughtiness, and opened the door to daring young unformulated conjectures about the liberty of ritual and purposes of consecration. Not that it occurred to me then that possibly freer use might be made of our places of worship, and that sober scientific and literary lectures without an accompanying service need not necessarily be reckoned as profane or out of place in a building used by people who professed a desire to be guided into all truth.

But Mr. Rickards struck, and would have no more even of a Bible meeting in the church. Those (not altogether unwholesome) departures from ordinary procedure presently died out. The gallery was pulled down, the church was restored, and the cheery old deputation has long since slept with his fathers. Ah, well! I suppose many people are satisfied by any access of seeming propriety. But it is possible to be too stiff.

As I turn back to the earliest leaves of recollection which got themselves written in the memory of a child living in a quiet country household, the two most frequently recurring figures are, perhaps, Crabbe Robinson and a daughter of Arthur Young. They both (he most) brought whiffs of a greater and older world into our book-lined parlor, and I see now that there was far more conversation going on than I could apprehend. But I well recollect her talking about an interview she once had with Dr. Johnson (no details survive), and the exceedingly contemptuous way in which she, a strong-minded woman of her time, spoke of her fellow-women. One sentence went into the child's brain and stuck there. “Any man,” she said, “might kill his wife, hang her skin out of the window, and marry whom he pleased the next day.” How little our elders realize the notice taken by brats! Of Crabbe Robinson's sayings I

can recall none. They were, indeed, not sayings so much as continuous bass deliveries of words which my seniors seemed to enjoy, and which occasionally went on the whole day, from breakfast to bedtime, like a waterfall or Cheapside. I have an impression that both he and Miss Young disliked boys (no wonder) with a candor they took small pains to conceal. There was also among our occasional guests a magnificent lady (in dress) who had been a notable owner of slaves, and who bewailed the mistaken liberality of the government in emancipating them. I turn to my Haydn's “Dictionary of Dates” and read, “Slavery terminated in the British possessions on Aug. 1, 1834, and 770,280 slaves became free.” My lady was thus, when I saw most of her, bleeding fresh from her iniquitous treatment. She told us how pleased the slaves had been to see the jewels which she wore when she descended among them, and how their simple happiness was now marred by Radical legislation. What did they want with such nonsense as liberty? How well I, as a small boy, noted the air of contempt with which she spoke of the reforms of the day, and thought that the pleasure of seeing the diamonds of their owner might be bought at too high a price! But the tone in which English peasants were often talked of and to in those days presented little contrast to her carriage towards her slaves. Of course a laborer (though a householder, etc.) was never mister. The old men were masters, but the younger were never called anything but Tom, John, or Dick, and often spoken to with an insolent familiarity or open disdain. There is enough of this discourtesy remaining now, but it was very marked when I was a little boy, and thus friends of the laborer met with sharp rubs. I know that my father did. He was the first promoter of allotments in our neighborhood, and was bitterly and openly taken to task for his care concerning the matter. I remember a substantial farmer (who had just built a warm bin to ripen his Madeira) crying out that my father “wanted to send him and his family to the workhouse” with his new-fangled revolutionary proposals in favor of the peasant and his acre.

Though he had his insistent mouth-pieces, the agricultural laborer did not in my boyhood (I think) trouble himself much about politics, at least in respect to the conduct of elections. These last were long and lively in the neighboring borough town, but I do not remember any village

assembly of would-be voters. There must, however, have been some considerable gathering of them around the hustings, especially when the county members rode in, for great battles were fought by multitudes of people with banners—or their poles. What a sea of heads it was when one looked down from the new deal sawdust-smelling hustings! and how heartily the opposing mobs charged one another! But I don't recollect hearing of anybody being hurt. Though they had no votes, the working classes had plenty of voice at elections. All those who were present hallooed, cheered, speechified, or groaned. I did. Once (I was under ten years old) I came home in the evening voiceless. "What is the matter?" said my father. "Oh," I whispered, "I have been all day groaning Lord —." "Indeed! then you had better go to bed at once,"—which I did, supperless. Unfortunately I had hooted the wrong man, quite openly, at the range of about a yard.

The elections and the county fairs were reckoned in the same row by us children, both being equally devoid of political interest. Naturally I did not in the least distinguish between the merits of the questions represented by opposite candidates. All contests were purely personal. I hooted Lord — till I was hoarse solely under the (mistaken) impression that my friends objected to him as a possible member, and that inarticulate groans were the most acceptable forms of public opinion. Perhaps, after all, I was right; or at least a fair specimen of an elector at any time. What proportion of our millions of voters decide to vote after an unbiassed judgment of the principles at stake (whatever be the derivation of this familiar phrase), and without any regard for the position of the candidate in society, the ties of personal friendship, or the more remote interest felt in him as a mere acquaintance? And even when a man has (as he thinks) discarded all these social and friendly considerations, and arrived at his conclusion upon "purely independent grounds," I should like to know what constituent has been uninfluenced by the probable way in which he will be touched himself. He can hardly escape conjecturing the possible effect any particular measure, or line of legislation, will have upon his own pocket and place. Seeing that many men, of equal culture and apparent ability to estimate the effect of an act upon the people generally, hold keenly opposed views, I am at a loss to explain this antagonism in some cases, except in a way

offensive to most virtuous judges. I do not say that these judges are wrong. Far from it. They are right, and all ultimate judgment will go their way. And yet in fact, in spite of our oppressive civilization and boasted Christianity (hardly as yet out of its childhood), London clubmen and country bumpkins, the colleges of the universities and the children of the gutter, are often equally moved by motives which are less noble than those of personal regard for another. The righteous soul is the salt of the nation. It keeps the national carcass from stinking past divine endurance, and yet it is the exclusive possession of no one class. In this sense there are no privileged classes. In all there are factors of redeeming righteousness. Nevertheless, in all, I fear, it must be allowed that self is the most popular candidate, and the most insistent hereditary legislator. Indeed, when I think of it, I took a precociously high position when I hooted Lord — on the sole ground that I believed his candidature to be harmful to others.

It is a mistake, however, to assume that boys never think. They seldom do, perhaps, though sometimes in adult (supposed) wisdom I have been unpleasantly suspicious that a perceptive monkey has seen a flaw in my own arguments, though he may not have seen his way to a formulation of his criticism. I particularly bear in mind two old gentlemen who passed as especially learned and wise, and in whose walks and talks (they were always walking and talking) I was occasionally allowed to share as a little boy. They were both fellows of their colleges, and authors of grammars. Sometimes (too often, indeed) the charm of their companionship (and it was a charm, for I liked one of them, and loved the other) was disturbed by sudden elementary inquiries about my grammatical acquirements, which were very limited. They would, *e. g.*, smilingly turn upon me and ask unsuitable, inappropriate questions about Greek verbs as we crossed some pleasant field. But I used to listen as they talked, and more than once convicted them (silently) of gross ignorance. One day they conversed about the economy of superficial space, and inquired of each other in what way most ground would be available for the growth of corn. At last one suggested that as the two sides of an equilateral triangle were obviously twice as long as the third, if the soil were thrown up into ridges the slopes of these would provide twice as much surface as if the whole of the field had been left flat. Fact.

These two philosophers at last agreed that landowners missed the doubling of the productive power of their acres by failing to perceive the benefit of the arrangement suggested. Unfortunately wheat does not grow all over a mound like hair, but has upright stalks. Thus the spaces between these, and therefore the number of ears, are the same, whether they spring from a slope or a flat. You get no more from the two sides of the ridge than you do on the level ground on which it stands. Now I am not altogether surprised to recollect that this occurred to a boy, but the failure of its occurrence to my dear old learned friends has often since left me with a very humiliating estimate of distinguished fellows of colleges. One of these two had, moreover, some astonishing theories about the mischief which was likely to be done to the air breathed in England by the smoke of steamers in the sea which (since it is an island) surrounds it. He did not apparently bear in mind that the smuts of the black country were incalculably more numerous than any which could reach our shore from funnels in the horizon. But he stuck to his prophetic fear, and augured the advance of national pollution from the sources I have mentioned. The ignorance of the learned is equalled only by the folly of the wise. The seer is dead. No one perceives what is about to come, though on its arrival it is seen to have been advancing as plainly as a wagon. Take, *e.g.*, the distress and dismay now felt at the importation of American corn. It was only a very few years ago that farms in England were let at an increased rent. Men ignorant of tillage and void of capital rushed into agriculture as a business sure to pay. Meanwhile America had been discovered for centuries. It was well known to be a large, fertile region, and its fertility was supposed to be unbounded. At the same time we British were congratulating ourselves at the rapidly increasing ability of our ships and the spread of ocean-crossing commerce. And yet no one (beside two or three wholly obscure, unlearned, and sagacious prophets, to whom not a soul gave heed for a moment) put these facts together and perceived that a revolution must come from abundant production and facility of carriage. The idea of anything affecting the price of corn was so absurd and unlikely to be justified, that when the Tithe Redemption Act was passed corn was taken to be the sole and safe measure of agricultural value; and now it is least to be depended upon, or rather has become the

lowest standard of worth, and makes no promise of becoming better. The discovery of any better-paying crop will leave the tithe-owner in a hole. I am here only stating facts, and giving no opinions. And the fact is that the terms of careful provision for the tithe-owner made by the generation immediately before this bid fair (or foul) in many places to disendow the Church. So much the better, some of my readers may think. Still that was not the purpose of the promoters of the act in question, though it was projected and framed by experts.

The same want of prescience appears in several ways. How short a time ago, *e.g.*, cautious legal advisers, in grey hair and spectacles, long accustomed to forecast eventualities, used to wag their wise heads and say to a hesitating investor, "You will do as you please, sir, but recollect that LAND does not run away." If he had replied, "My friend, I prefer GAS as a more solid security," he would have been scouted as mad, being conspicuously right all the same. The soil is now (in an investor's sense) not more hard than the mist which hangs upon it for a little time and then vanisheth away. The steam which our grandfathers scorned fetches a better value in the market than the acres on which they planted their sturdy legs. Water (especially if it takes the shape of a salmon river or loch) is often more precious than the solid earth which surrounds it, or the banks through which it flows.

Indeed, when a boy, I think I prized our little mere of some ten or twelve acres above any (small) landed possession of my people. I think of it this moment as providing an item of solid reminiscence which I enjoyed at the time, but now look back on with surprise. My maternal grandfather was a Liberal, not to say an advanced Radical. Though, as chairman of quarter sessions, he was sometimes compelled to pass sentence upon poachers, he always disliked and protested against the game-laws. But he was Conservative in respect to those which concern "trespass," and curiously fierce with boys who bathed in the mere. On one occasion he came upon a bevy (like Actæon), and, routing them with a black oak stick, delayed their dressing till they got through the hedge into the gritty road which skirts the water and now leads to the station. But when I was a boy there was far more freedom in the matter of trespass and less care in the preservation of game than there is now. Partridge

abounded nevertheless. I remember having seventy shots with a muzzle-loading single gun on my first "first" of September. And that was over ground which knew no gamekeeper whatever. Of course the pheasants were fewer, though hares abounded. As to birds, there were enough and to spare, even, as well as I can recollect, for poaching cats. Now every pet is shot or trapped by bloodthirsty keepers. These men, too, have so killed down all hawks, etc., that the balance of nature is upset, and small birds multiply unchecked by the natural provision made for their restraint. One collateral harm follows from this in some places where the excessive persecution of sparrows by the farmer swings the balance too far the other way. An impression prevails that they do unmixed harm, and they are killed accordingly; whereas at certain seasons of the year they are busy in ridding the soil of countless hurtful insects. The hawk and his kind would keep them sufficiently down, but these correctors of bird appetite are destroyed. Thus (let alone that evil temptation to the village lad with sportive tastes which is provided by excessive game-preserving) the present keeper (though small blame belongs to the man himself) really promotes the undue multiplication of small birds by his protection of the pheasant, and in more ways than one is a mischievously artificial member of our modern country society. There would be plenty of shooting for those who like it, without him; or at least with a moderate and not costly amount of precaution in egging-time. The best security, however, for eggs is found in the good-will which exists between the tenant and the landlord. If only the latter shoots, the former may not much appreciate (especially in these days) the pleasure of seeing him blaze about his fields, and thus would be rather blind to a man who may be seen dawdling down a hedge-row or brow of a ditch; though nests might be found there.

Those old days of deliberate shooting with a muzzle-loader and dogs were very pleasant, though perhaps we were rather drowsy. But repose is the virtue to be preached and practised now. I remember, however, one parson of my youth who somewhat overdid this combination of performance and doctrine, since, one Sunday, he went fast asleep while he was preaching. Fact. A friend of ours was present, and saw him do it. He was always slow, and on this occasion got slower and slower till he stopped altogether. This woke up

those who nodded, and on looking towards the pulpit they saw him sleeping while he stood; like a horse. I forget the end of the story. But he passed from a sermon into a snore. So did another man. That was in Rutlandshire. A parson there told me of it. This second sleeper had gone kindly to take the duty for a neighbor a few miles off; in August. He walked to the church, and being well in time looked into the vicarage. The kindly servant said, "You seem tired, sir; won't you have a glass of ale after your walk?" Yes, he would; and did—and felt refreshed. The day however was very hot, the afternoon was its hottest part, and the freshly dined rustic congregation (who had been reaping and binding all the week) mostly fell asleep. There was a (nasal) murmuring among the people. The doors, too, were wide open, and bumble-bees sailed slowly down the aisle adding to the hum. Thus when the preacher went into the pulpit he caught the sentiment of the congregation, and after putting his face reverently between his hands for a few seconds remained in the same attitude, fast asleep. There was no record (at least I remember none) on this occasion either of the awakening of anybody. My friend learnt of the incident from the rustic clerk.

How irresistibly, imperatively important is the demand of the god of dreams when he bids us slumber in the midst of worship! and how very mistaken those are who blame the sleeper severely! Of course you may carry the thing too far, as (in the well-known story) when Mr. A. was twitted by Mr. B. with having sent a man to sleep with his sermon in his (Mr. B.'s) church. On the next Sunday Mr. A. sat in the congregation and B. preached. He was maliciously pleased at seeing on this occasion, too, one of the audience in a nap. Presently he called B.'s notice to it. "Yes," replied Mr. B., "he is asleep. But he is the same man. We have not been able to wake him."

Though the religious attitude in my young days was far from eager, there was much steady pastoral work in which the parson was helped by the farmers of the parish. Our Sunday school, I recollect, was assiduously taught, and some of the boys performed prodigies of Scriptural repetition. One of the most distinguished of these reciters soon took to the reading of Tom Paine, and finally (though there is no inevitable connection between these phases of departure from a Christian conversation) to drink. He became apparently

the most conspicuously dilapidated personage in our small rustic circle. How well as a child I remember the boast of his teacher that he had said the longest gospel in the Prayer-Book without a mistake!

The poorer sort of people used to attend divine service well. Clergy, including all ranks, were not so bustling as they now are. Indeed, some bishops seemed to take their duties with an equanimity for which they did not anywhere deem it necessary to apologize. There was one who held a confirmation near my home years ago, and a judicious clergyman who had been present told me afterwards that he had heard such a charge given to the candidates as they all attended to and would be sure to remember always. He said it contained words of one syllable only; that these were well chosen, and such as the young people, however ignorant, were able perfectly to understand. "And then," he added, "the charge contained excellent advice, worthy to be acted on throughout life." In fact, the only words uttered by the bishop (beyond those printed in the service-book itself) were "Stand up." He might have done worse.

There was not much visiting among the poor, and the costume of many clergymen was very unclerical. I well recollect one scholarly gentleman, who represented an old county family, and dined out a good deal. In summer he used to wear nankeen trousers as dress. Some of my readers need to be told that these (though cool and suitable to the season) were of linen or calico, and yellow. But I never heard of any bishop in my boyhood troubling himself about any such thing as that. Indeed, I well recollect hearing of one who would not be bothered by taking part in any service beyond those to which he was exclusively committed by his office.

The laxity and official slovenliness in the discharge of clerical function which was permitted, and really passed without comment not so very long ago, would be almost incredible to some of our ardent and devout spirits in these days. Ordinations, *e.g.*, now attract much public notice. They are reported in other papers beside the clerical. A great multitude attend, especially in London. And they treat the business as no mere spectacle, but come with the reverence which belongs to public worship. This is well; but it was not well when I and some dozen other men were bidden to be at a chapel in Regent Street at eight on a mid-winter morning to be ordained. No one was there beside two

or three pew-openers who fussed about, and evidently thought that we might stay so long as to interfere with their regular sitters. It looked like it at first, for no bishop made his appearance till twenty minutes had passed. Then he hurried in, unshaved, and got through the service at as fast a pace as he could, and that was not slow, inasmuch as he was hindered by no choir, congregation, sermon, or address. And he was a popular bishop (not my lord of London) who did this, only between thirty and forty years ago. It was inconvenient for him to use his own cathedral, so he borrowed a chapel in town for the performance. Nowadays, moreover, bishops use hospitality to the young men whom they ordain, frequently having them at their palaces during the previous week, and giving them kindly advice. I saw nothing of my spiritual father whatever; and as to provender, all we knew of it came from a chop which we could smell going into the chaplain's room for lunch. We were examined on the first floor of 27 Parliament Street, and turned loose for an hour at one o'clock.

I have skipped on here, but I will not go back to dwell on college recollections. They of all others retire most rapidly into the past, inasmuch as three years instead of thirty go to make a generation. But how vivid some of them are! I wonder, though, if we were as young-looking in our days as undergraduates are in these? A little time ago I was staying with the distinguished president of an Oxford college, and spoke to him about the youthfulness of his men, adding, "Two, I noticed yesterday, are mere boys."

"Which do you mean?" said he. So I pointed them out, and to my humiliation found that they were about the most advanced and distinguished pair under his care. But age in itself is a disqualification at college. I heard of a couple of university men who were discussing an unpopular tutor. After having alleged against him all that they could think of, they paused from sheer exhaustion of material for disparagement, and went their ways. But as they parted one said to the other, "Yes, the brute. And he's thirty."

A visit to one's old college, however, kindles a consciousness of wholesome vitality which undergraduates would consider the mere childishness or affectation of age. Not long ago I was charged with some passing honorable duties at my own university, and was the guest of the hospitable vice-chancellor. It was pleasant to see the young faces and realize the

reserve of strength which nothing but a school or college can show.

With all this, however, there are phases of university life which recall mediæval procedure, or caution, after a way which strikes the man who has been ever so little about the world as unnecessary or incongruous.

The lower windows, *e.g.*, of colleges which give upon the street are barred. Perhaps it is well, but somehow it hardly fits in with the ways of this modern world and a certain amount of trustfulness which has marked some recent rule. One day I had sought to sponge the slate of my mind, and prowled about ready to receive fresh impressions. On my return the vice-chancellor asked me for them. "The place," I replied, "strikes me as a city of prisons." And it well might, though neither he nor I had thought of it before.

Not so an old peasant woman who visited the place for the first time. She was walking down a chief street skirted by a college whose lower windows were heavily ironed. An undergraduate was standing at one of them with his usual smile. "Ah!" cried the candid old lady, "you may laugh, but you aren't in there for no good." She thought it was a jail.

I suppose that the reminiscences of most clergymen touch (legitimately) more matters outside conventionally professional duties than do those of the members of any other calling. It is true that parsons may not couple the duties of the doctor and lawyer with their own, but they belong to the army and navy as well as to the Church, and (to their great loss) are supposed to be able to cultivate their glebes. Thus they may be farmers and cattle-dealers; and as almost all of them have official residences, and are frequently responsible for the structure and repair of the chancel and village schoolhouse, as well as of the vicarage, they are expected to know something about the business of the architect and builder. The laws concerning these last ought specially to be borne in mind by them. There are occasionally "ancient lights" (I don't mean "venerables" in the clerical sense), able to give them trouble. Here let me interpolate an incident which shows (though I escaped in this case) how a man may unwittingly get into mischief while in the discharge of highly commendable work. Once I was building a much-needed set of schools in London, and my workmen were suddenly challenged by a neighbor. It appeared, to my surprise and great regret, that they were clearly in the wrong,

and the offended neighbor might easily have got an injunction in chancery (I think they call it) and stopped me. But fortunately he lost his temper, and came bursting with indignation to my house. He was a poor man, and we should not really have done him two-pennyworth of harm. But he had (or might have had) the law on his side. So I mildly expressed my regret, and offered him a cheque for 10% on the spot. This he instantly closed with, though, having me literally in a corner, he could have got more. So I hastened to my solicitors and set them at once to draw up a quittance from all opposition on his part. This he signed. Meanwhile my men had gone on building (like, say, the Maccabees when engaged on the walls of Jerusalem), while the (Irish) friends of the complainant abused them out of a window till, brick by brick, all reproach was cut off by an intervening wall, the curses becoming gradually indistinct, and then inaudible.

Sometimes the best intentions are frustrated either by sheer inability to comply with the law, or by such a prospect of delay as to justify a short cut. Several years ago I coveted a marble font in a city church which was about to be pulled down, and asked the rector to give or sell it to me. He said it was really not his, but that I must consult another rector from whose church it had been brought and who still claimed it. Applying to him, I was told that as it had been moved out of his church I was welcome to it as far as he was concerned, but that the matter rested with the Bishop of London. I wrote to the bishop, and got as answer that he would much like me to have it (for use in my church), but that the final decision lay in the hands of the ecclesiastical commissioners. This looked hopeless. The worm will turn. So I sent four men, with a truck, to the church where the coveted font stood, and bade them, without any attempt at concealment, carry it bodily away, giving the beadle five shillings. I might have had it for half a crown. Presently the laden truck appeared at my church, in which we fixed the font, and never heard a word about the transaction. Sometimes, however, it is possible to approach still more dangerously near to the infraction of a law. One afternoon I arrived at the Liverpool Street station, and straightway walked towards a hansom which a porter had called for me, having myself picked out my small hand-portmanteau from a heap of luggage. I had not got many yards before an attempt was

made by some one in the crowd to snatch it out of my hands. I dragged it roughly from the intending thief, who suddenly disappeared. When I reached the cab there was a smiling porter touching his cap and pointing to my own luggage, which he (knowing me and mine by sight) had placed in the hansom. The portman-teau which I had rescued from the thief *belonged to him*; and his sudden disappearance (which I attributed to a desire for escape) meant that he had gone to fetch a constable. I drove quickly out of the station.

To return to the legitimate accompanying occupations which are permitted to a parson. Take literature. The publication of sermons (though I cannot say that I have personally had much reason to complain on this score) is not always so agreeable in fruition as in prospect. I heard the other day of a clergyman who put forth a volume of his discourses, and by means of a ready reckoner (which showed that seven hundred and twenty volumes at 5s. a volume would bring in 155*l.*) found much pleasure in counting his new-born chickens. He did this with greater confidence as they were actually hatched — and mostly bound, or full feathered. Well, one Sunday he got a letter from the firm which had acted as hen, and though it was just before service, could not resist having a peep at the price brought by the firstlings of his brood. Alas! poor man. It was his first experience of literary outlay, and included the cost of printing, corrections, binding, advertising, and of other (to him) mysterious though recognized deductions. In the course of his sermon that morning (betrayed by the initial sound of a well-known Biblical word), he quite unconsciously spoke of "publishers and sinners." I would advise most clergymen to hesitate before attempting to put a little fringe to a narrow income by the printing of sermons. It is possibly better for a man to try his luck with some periodical. Then at the worst he wastes a few sheets of paper, and since the first manuscripts which he offers to an editor are probably short, the spare time spent in their preparation (however honestly and deliberately they have been prepared) will not be very much. But the openings for magazine articles from an outsider are, I venture to think, much more limited than the aspirant imagines. I refer to those which bring fair payment. It is true that London produces about four hundred monthly publications, about the same number of newspapers

(daily or weekly), and some sixty quarterlies. But a large proportion of these are concerned in some special object or craft; some promote an exclusive religious sect, others are little more than trade circulars, or devoted to sporting and dramatic interests. The residue to which a clergyman could look for any addition to his income thus comes to be whittled down into a very small number, and when I come to clerical reminiscences, I begin to wonder how I could have had the courage to shove my first little manuscript under an unseen editorial eye.

There is, however, one kind of literary work which even now I cannot think of without an immediate confusion of brains. Once I was asked to be the editor of a monthly shilling periodical, and sat in the master's chair for a year. "Master's" chair, indeed! I had a roomy office and a "sub," who was an old press-man. He was punctual, methodical, full of ingenious and useless suggestions, and wrote the best hand I ever read. I was the editor, and very decently paid, but I was expected to carry out the mind of a committee. Now I don't object to a so-called committee when the members never attend, and I am in the chair. But my masters were most conscientious. They were fond of sending me for publication articles of their own manufacture, but there I had (or didn't have) them. Protect an editor from committees! The first day that I sat down at my desk I found matter enough set up in type to fill three or four months' numbers of the magazine in advance. And this was mostly the work of my chief committee-men. Of course an editor must be responsible to the firm or house which employs him, but he should not be expected to swim with his hands and legs tied. If he blunders he can (like any other prime minister) be dismissed; but he should be allowed to blunder, or at least to propose some unacceptable measure before being sat upon by his masters. Some literary work may be a pleasant recreation; here I had a touch of its severe and exacting side, and I look on an established editor not merely with the awe which befits an occasional contributor like myself, but with a perception that however he may disappoint me by declining what I have ventured to think acceptable, his faculties are unique. Some obviously do not dislike the business. Well, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. I resigned my post, *i.e.*, I began the note which contained my resignation of it while the clock

was striking the first possible hour of release.

Clergymen generally misuse their vacations. They are, to begin with, by no means less conventionally official than men in other professions, but they often give themselves no chance of getting out of the professional rut. The town parson, *e.g.*, often takes duty in the country. Thus, though his congregation may change, he never gets out of the pulpit. Lawyers are wiser. They don't seek a provincial job when they become free of the London courts. The parson, perhaps above all men, ought to break fresh ground whenever he can. Thus he sees other sides of life than that which is most before his eyes. I did, certainly, when, during some autumn weeks of that summer in which the great French and German struggle began, I got myself engaged by a newspaper to go out to the "seat of war" (so my instructions called it) and report on the ambulances. I hastened off to Sedan, which I reached after the battle within the month of September. Small and limited as my experience was, I saw at once that no description whatever can give a really true picture of what war means. I do not refer to the strangely affecting moment when you first meet a load of white-faced wounded men. Those I thus saw were in a wagon, with bloody bandages, pale skins, and countenances of apparently utter unconcern. I don't recollect which side they belonged to. Anyhow they had been shot by neighbors who possibly have since been adorned with medals for the deed. War may be carried on now (they say it is) with regard to the feelings of the nineteenth century (whatever they may be), but the sensation which meets you on entering an area of military strife for the first time is so confused as to be temporarily perplexing, or rather inexplicable. You lose your measurement of circumstance. There is a curious subverting of all the undefined accepted instincts and aspects of common life. Roads lead to bridges broken with astonishingly explosive violence. Trains come to a sudden stop in the middle of turnip-fields, and when you look out there is no line. Decent people (obviously unused to camping out), who have fled from some village which the torrent of war has flooded, are seen trying to settle themselves by the roadside after a blundering, bewildered fashion. Private grounds, kitchen gardens, farmyards, and "rights of way" lose their meaning with a rude and pathetic utterness, and the war-tour-

ist, of course, is put to queer shifts for a lodging.

I didn't, for example, in the least know where to go in Sedan, and presently found that there was no place in which to lay my head. At the most hopeful or promising inn (which had a great ragged hole, caused by a shell, in the wall of the *salle-à-manger*) the surviving landlord shrugged his shoulders (till his shadow presented no sign of a head at all, but looked like that of a coffin set up on its small end), and ruefully declared that there was not a corner in which I could lie down. So I wandered aimlessly forth, and found myself at last in what seemed to be a barrack (how I got in I don't know), with the gloom of evening increasing every moment. The building was seemingly devoted to the custody of slightly wounded Frenchmen, with a sprinkling of Turcoes. I walked further into the place in a tentative and curiously conjectural mood till I couldn't see more than a yard before me, and then I stood still. Presently a voice (to my surprise, in English) came out the darkness saying, "Who is that?" I gave my name, and said that I had lost my way and was looking for some place in which to sleep. "Did you write so-and-so?" replied the voice. "Yes." "Then you shall have my room," was the gratifying and wholly unexpected response. The voice belonged to a lady nurse, whose business lay (she was then herself lying down to sleep in a corner of the barracks) among the wounded, but who had secured an apartment in the very inn I had been driven from. So I took her card to the rueful landlord, who embraced me, and put me comfortably up, blessing the English nurse, and taking immense pinches of (seemingly adhesive) black snuff which stuck about his face in patches, when, in his agitation, he missed his nose.

But though the poor French were politely grateful for the attention shown to them by the English nurses who went out, I am inclined to believe that our hasty philanthropical procedure could not practically be impartial. We offered our services to both sides. In divers instances, indeed, they were declined by the Germans; nevertheless, our presence freed them from some hindrances when they were eagerly following up a victory, and thus told in favor of the invaders. I was assured on the spot that Von der Tann left a number of impeding sick to English care so eagerly that they were hardly counted. They were in sore straits, poor fellows! There was, especially, one

large gentleman's house outside Sedan seemingly full of sick, or rather, I should say, dying Bavarians. They filled room after room, lying upon their backs on the floor. Typhus had hold of them. When I first passed through, they watched me with fevered eyes and followed every movement silently and with motionless attention, being too feeble to speak or move a limb. On inquiring about them some weeks later I was told offhand, "Oh! they all died like flies."

What piles of rubbish (partly in the shape of cast-off worthless books) as well as cases of good wine, chloroform, and surgical appliances were hurriedly sent out to the seat of war! What a "scraping of lint" went on throughout the land! Every schoolgirl thought that she could make charpie, but much of it was burnt, not being clean. The port, however, was appreciated by patients, though divers ladies who went out with romantic eagerness to nurse the wounded had to learn that their duties were not fulfilled by giving repeated "nips" to the sick. Indeed, the business of a war-nurse especially is so repulsive that most volunteers were choked off at once. The Sisters of All Saints', Margaret Street, did good service. I took out a bag of letters and papers to them, the post being dislocated, and even they told me how much they needed help to do some of the roughest of their work. The Dutch ambulances seemed to be the best managed. But what queer camp-following gentlemen tourists turned up! One found himself caught in the railway station at Sedan during the engagement. Of course he couldn't go out except at the risk of his life. So he amused himself within the innermost doors of the office, and appeared to be absolutely unaffected by the awfulness of the scenes around him. They were merely historic and entertaining in his eyes. "Look here," he said to me, opening a small bag full of railway tickets. "I've got some souvenirs of Sedan." They were all marked "Sedan, Sept. 1," and indicated an immense number of quite impossible journeys, such as that to Metz, as having been made on that day. While the storm was raging around he had stamped all the tickets he could lay hands on with the date of the battle, till the ink gave out. "These will be curiosities," said he, adding, "and I've got money out of the pocket of a dead soldier; they say it's lucky." He showed me some silver of which he had robbed a corpse.

I met another Englishman (of a well-

known name) who had been clapped into custody as suspicious, and had there caught a fever. He looked rather glum. "I can't speak German," he said, "but I know four words of French and get along with them." "What may these be?" I asked. "*Partant pour la Syrie*," was his reply. One heard queer tales, the gossip of the war, with little incidents, too small to be reported, but significant enough. Among the oddest sensations I felt in those days was the going into an inn and helping myself to food without leave. One expected an arrest at the hands of a waiter, but nobody was there. The people of the house had vanished away—for a time. It was very difficult to get about, especially so as to see fighting. Making an essay one forenoon, and being smartly stopped by a grim German sentry, I tried to explain myself. Never was an attempt more futile. He glowered at me in a bloodthirsty way, and lowering his rifle to the charge proceeded without a word of apology to poke at me with the sharp end of it. I withdrew myself—speedily. Of course I was nervous. Some people wanted me to go into Metz with a load of surgical and toothsome things for the sick. I helped to pack the wagon, but declined the expedition as they said I should probably be shot as a spy or franc-tireur. The story of the battle of Sedan has hardly been told to the world yet. It is known that the march of the French army was delayed in order to give a ball to the ladies of Sedan, but none will ever say how many officers stayed in the town while the early part of the engagement was going on. Men, being disgusted, laid down their still loaded chassepots in large numbers on the ground. There were printed notices put up in the city after the battle was over (I read them myself) bidding the inhabitants not to be alarmed at the firing which still went on in the fields, since it was caused only by the German fatigue parties who were discharging the French rifles as they gathered them up. These were made into piles which, at a little distance, looked like stacks of rusty iron hurdles, waiting to be carted away. The sight of churches filled from the altar to the west end with wounded men (the dead being put hurriedly outside, like luggage at an inn door waiting for the station omnibus) was made familiar enough to all readers of contemporary papers, but nothing written could convey a true idea of the bewildered pathos of some with whom life-long placid peace had been suddenly replaced by wholly unrealized war. I

remember a secluded cottage with honeysuckles about the porch and a velvet lawn across which a torrent of fighting had roared. Its inmates had fled. The grass had been cut, not with a mower, but with cannon wheels. Nevertheless, the cat was asleep in the sunny bay window, through which one could see an opened piano, with music set out before an empty stool.

Sometimes the pathos was almost grotesque. In one place I came across an old family servant, a gardener, who still clung to his master's house and had to bury men among the flower-beds. "The officers," said he, "will be dug up and sent home into Saxony." The digging up of the dead was new to me, not having seen mention of it in any correspondent's letters. But, in fact, those of any rank, buried in the shallowest field graves (there is no time to make deep ones), are removed as soon as possible. It is more than embarrassing to a farmer to have fifty or sixty dead bodies eight inches below the surface in a wheat stubble which he wants to plough. Thus the whole area over which a battle has been fought is presently searched for the dead who have been hastily covered with soil. I saw, indeed more than *saw*, gangs of men engaged in this awful malodorous work, and ceased to blame Hotspur's fop. This was a little while after the battle outside Saarbrücken. By the way, the much boasted success of the mitrailleuse (when the prince imperial received his baptism of blood) was very doubtful, if not wholly delusive. There are two bridges over the Saar, and the French force, which occupied a flat poplar-bordered field commanding the town, was said to have swept them clear of some German troops who were seen crossing the river, and on whom the new weapon of war played with deadly effect, so it was reported. I was curious to test this, and examined the bridges closely and carefully. Not a spot could I find which had been struck by a bullet. "How is this?" I asked of one there. "The men were said to have been shot down on the bridge by scores." "Not a bit," said he, "the French fired over their heads, and they, hearing the whizz, bobbed down under the parapet and made off on all fours like a flock of sheep." So I was told. Certainly I could find no sign of the bridge having been peppered. And yet the papers said truly that it was soon cleared of Germans.

Now this occasion no doubt provided the gravest and rarest kind of change which a clergyman could take, and rapidly

created memories which still retain the sharpness of their edge. I got it all into an autumnal vacation of some six weeks, and omit much that I might say about Strasbourg (which capitulated while I was in its neighborhood) and the lines around Metz. Of course one had to rough it occasionally, but that short experience has given me the power of understanding much (especially in current history) which otherwise I should read with small perception. Such a holiday, moreover, inevitably helps to a better interpretation of the Old Testament, which is grievously filled with tales of war. Altogether it shows sides of human nature, of its suffering and passions, which ought to make the world more real to an officer of religion.

But of all tours one in Palestine is the chiefest for him to make. I am fortunate in having some acquaintance with the Sinaitic desert (to find it quite unlike what I expected), but it was long before I could manage a visit to the Holy Land. I had been favored with an invitation to visit Mr. Holman Hunt there, which I was hindered in accepting. At last the day came when I rode towards Jerusalem from the Wilderness of the Wandering, and found that every volume of the Bible which I possessed became at once an illustrated copy. I read of scenes in the study or the church, and, as I read, I see Bethlehem. I stand on the Mount of Olives. I look upon the Lake of Galilee itself. I watch Jehu driving towards Jezreel, his little company showing like a dot upon the great, flat, green plain of Esdraelon, and visible for miles before any watchman on a tower (having no telescope) could distinguish the furious driving of its leader. I realize from the multitude of their relics what the coasts of Tyre and Sidon were like eighteen hundred years ago, and Nazareth shows itself to me when its name comes before my eyes. The value of this panorama or vision to any official exponent of the Bible is obviously incalculable, if he can use it. American congregations are alive to the indirect supposed advantage to themselves in this matter, and thus not unfrequently send their ministers to Palestine. Among my clerical reminiscences (though I was not haunted by the reflection that I was accountable for them to my parishioners), those which date from the Holy Land are the most vivid and valuable to myself. There was change, and profoundly impressive information or instruction every day. The country was a commentary; and if it could not be in-

cluded among the subjects required by bishops for examination, at least it ought to be admitted into the list, and proficiency in sacred geography at first hand made account of by the examiner.

I have been very fortunate in my colleagues, but sometimes an advertisement for a curate has brought comical replies. On one occasion the good qualities of the first gentleman I interviewed were tempered by an exceedingly obtrusive cork leg which he didn't manage well. While I listened in my study to the approach of the second who had been asked to favor me with a call, a heavy stumping in the passage made me say, "Surely there cannot be another such a one?" But there was. So in the letter of invitation to the third on my list, I expressed a hope (with many apologies) that he was not lame. The reply which came was very satisfactory, till I reached the postscript. There my correspondent wrote: "You ask if I am lame. It is unfortunately too true that I have lately lost my right leg, but I am assured that an artificial substitute . . ." The most pathetic application I ever had was from a sort of Dominie Sampson who had been from his youth chaplain and librarian to some rich man whose heir had turned him adrift. He was much older than myself, and carried a tin snuff-box. While I beat about the bush thinking how to decline his offer without offence, he (supposing that I hesitated in regard to the stipend of the post) tapped his box, took an emphatic pinch, and looking hard at me said, "Sir, I am prepared to come for thirty-six pounds a year." I represented his case to Archbishop Tait, who took pains to find a nook into which to place this learned and modest gentleman. There may be as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, but occasionally one brought up in the net of an advertisement is clearly bad—or mad. Once a man in a shovel hat and a waistcoat like a large black dish-cover (he had sent in his card with "Jehovah Jireh" upon it) called, and almost insisted on my securing him as a colleague. All know the story of the Irishman who, finding himself obliged to address a negro congregation, said by way of prefatory self-commendation, "My friends, I may have a white skin, but I have a black heart." Nevertheless there is a clerical—well, say "grey"—which the parson who fishes for help by advertisements should be always able to spot.

Every one goes to America now; and the sooner they set off the better. On the ground that a parson especially should

seek for change when he gets the chance of a fairly proportioned vacation I have paid more than one visit to the States, and have then been partly accompanied by a fellow-traveller. A companion, however (except, say, in the desert, where you have none but Arabs to speak to, and have your conversation checked by the drawback that you can neither understand nor address them), is sometimes a mistake. I mean a companion whom you take with you from Charing Cross or Liverpool. I owe exceedingly agreeable acquaintance-ship, which indeed has led more than once into the finding of a friend, by simply floating in the (to me) nameless stream. Of course solitary touring is open to the objection that if you fall sick, meet with an accident, or happen to be killed, you may be a nuisance to other people, and especially in the latter case expose your friends at home to some needlessly abrupt information. To avoid this I have been used to carry, not merely my name and address in my pocket-book, but clear instructions as to what should be done with the body in case of death. It is well to mention the name of some firm of, say, solicitors, to whom the needed information should first be sent, and who would be prepared to defray any expense incurred in paying the physician, post, or undertaker. Once I suddenly showed these instructions (given plainly in the fly-leaf of my diary) to a chance (clerical) companion, and he was foolish enough to fail in perceiving the considerate common sense I thereby showed, and to look on me as one who treated grave matters with too light a hand. I was to him a profane person, though the little entry in my almanac was written in the simplest words.

Talking of the hindrances to conversation when you deal with people who can't understand what you say, I am not sure whether this ignorance (when complete) is not sometimes desirable, provided you have an interpreter for emergencies. You may thus relieve yourself in vigorous and reproachful English without any offence or danger of recrimination. Then, too, you yourself fail to be stung by even the sharpest verbal insult, and can smile softly at spoken wrath.

In speaking of the use of their vacations by the clergy, I have said that the sight of Bible lands ought to be reckoned as part of their training rather than as recreation, and I would add that (especially in the present "expansion of England") young men who are going to be ordained ought to go forth and see how their business is

done in some one or other of the British colonies. As it is, many a young fellow is set down in a curacy without any due conception of the stir which is going on throughout the world, particularly in respect to the position and work of the ministry. Some villages, charming in various respects, are so brooded over by a traditional atmosphere of social and religious procedure, that an initial acquaintance with, say, Canada, might well protect him from their creeping dulness. He will have felt the pulse of a young nation, and can never lose the memory of its touch. No doubt there is the chance of disillusion in such procedure. A people in its cradle may suggest a vestry, and often a turbulent one. The founders of a nation are necessarily limited in number, and have to look too closely to the safety or solidity of their surroundings to give much scope for the interesting speculation which lends its charm to much settled and ripe converse. Still it is not a bad thing to get a few disillusiones done as soon as may be. And some acquaintance with the setting of the most ancient scenes in history, and with that of the last revealed or realized possibilities of expanded civilization, is especially needed by those whose profession leads them to deal with the ancient and modern world. Anyhow, I would advise the parson whose weeks are full of work to take a holiday whenever he can get it, and inasmuch as he labors on Sundays when others rest, he has a right to the layman's share of holidays, with fifty-two in addition.

From The Saturday Review.

OSTRICH-FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

OSTRICH-FARMERS in South Africa are at present suffering as much from bad times as our agriculturists at home. Feathers that were formerly worth twenty-five pounds now only bring thirty shillings, and a pair of birds that could not be bought some years ago under several hundred pounds would not at present fetch more than twelve. Some time ago a gentleman "prospecting" was looking over a fence into a camp when an ostrich spied a diamond in his pin, and in an instant picked at and swallowed it. A sort of court-martial was held, the relative values of the bird and the diamond being accurately calculated. The ostrich was worth 100*l.* and the pin 90*l.*, so the ostrich was spared. The verdict would now be most decidedly

the other way. The only redeeming feature in ostrich-farming nowadays is the amusement to be got out of studying the ways of these weird birds, which look as if only by some mistake they had survived the deluge, and that they would be more in their right place embedded in the fossiliferous strata of the earth than racing about on its surface. Ugly, awkward, and brainless as are these birds when full-grown, there are few young animals prettier than an ostrich chick during the first few weeks of its life. It has a sweet, innocent, baby face, large eyes, and a plump round body. All its movements are comical, and there is an air of conceit and independence about the tiny creature while still scarcely able to stand that is most amusing. Instead of feathers, the chick has a rough coat of as many shades of brown and grey as a tailor's pattern-book. This is striped with shreds of black, the neck being covered with what resembles the softest silk plush. One would like these delightful little creatures to remain always babies, for with their growth they lose their round prettiness, their bodies become angular and ill-proportioned, and a crop of coarse, wiry feathers replaces the particolored stripes which form their baby clothes.

The chicken feathers are first plucked at nine months old and look only fit to be made into dusting-brushes. In the second year they are a little like the ostrich feathers of commerce, but stiff and narrow, and it is not till the third year that they have attained their full width and softness. During the first two years the male and female birds are alike; but at each moulting the male becomes darker, until the plumage is all black, except the wings and tails, which are white. In each wing there are twenty-four long feathers. During the breeding season the bill of the male bird, the large scales on the fore part of the leg, and sometimes the skin of the head and neck assume a deep rose color. After a good rain ostriches begin to make nests. At this time the males become savage, and their "booming" is heard in all directions. The bird inflates its neck like a cobra and gives three deep roars, the two first short and "staccato," the third prolonged. When the birds are savage it is impossible to walk about the camp unless armed with a *tackey*, the name given to a long, stout, thorny branch of mimosa. Fortunately only one bird will attack at a time, and only on the territory which by some tribal arrangement is considered his exclusive property. Thus, during a morn-

ing's walk through the camp the owner will be attacked by several vicious birds in succession, all determined to have his life if possible, yet all held completely in check by a vigorous use of the tackey. When an ostrich challenges he sits down and, flapping each wing alternately, inflates his neck, throws his head back, rolling it from side to side, and with each roll striking the back of his head against his bony body with so sharp and resounding a blow that a severe headache seems likely to be the result. It often happens that in self-defence these vicious males (generally the finest birds) have to be killed.

The hen ostrich lays on alternate days, and if every second egg is taken away she will produce from twenty to thirty, sometimes as many as sixty, eggs. Twenty is the largest number the birds can satisfactorily cover. Each morning and evening the nest is deserted for a quarter of an hour to allow the eggs to cool, which was probably the cause of the old belief that they were left by the parents to be hatched by the sun. As a general rule, the two birds sit alternately, the cock at night, because his superior strength and courage makes him a better defender against midnight marauders. At the end of the six weeks of sitting both birds are in a miserably enfeebled condition. It has been found curious to watch one undutiful hen who absolutely refused to take her share of work, so the poor husband, determining not to be disappointed of his progeny, did all the sitting himself, bravely and patiently, day and night. He nearly died of exhaustion. The next time this pair had a nest, the cock made up his mind to stand no such nonsense. He gave the hen such a severe thrashing, that one would have thought she had not a whole bone left. However, this Petruchio-like treatment had the desired effect, for the wife never again rebelled, but sat patiently and persistently. Very different from this couple were the Darby and Joan of the camp. One morning the hen, frightened by a Kaffir's dog, ran into the wire fence, and was so terribly injured that she had to be killed. For two years poor Darby was a disconsolate widower, and all attempts to find him a satisfactory second wife were unavailing. Several hens which in succession were placed in his camp were only rescued at the tackey's point from being kicked to death. It was truly pitiable to watch the poor bird wandering up and down day after day on the hard track worn by his restless feet. At last

he consented to choose a successor to his beloved Joan; but apparently the choice was not a fortunate one. The new wife — a magnificent hen above the average size — tyrannized over him unmercifully. Darby's spirit seemed quite broken by his long fretting, and he made no attempt to hold his own, but was for the rest of his days the most henpecked, or rather hen-kicked, of husbands. It was difficult to manage so that he had enough to eat; for whenever he came near the food the greedy hen would drive him away, standing on tiptoe and hissing viciously, and it was only by waiting until she was out of the way that it was possible to give him a feed. As a father Darby was no less devoted than he had formerly been as a husband, and to please him the chicks, instead of being taken away, as is usual when they are a few days old, were allowed to remain with the parents. The poor little birds, however, fell victims to their father's over-anxious disposition. Apparently never satisfied that the *veldt* was good enough, he kept them continually on the move, going such long distances that he literally walked them as well as himself to death. Not many days after the last chick's decease Darby's own poor body, worn to a skeleton by these restless wanderings after the six weeks of anxiety during incubation, was found on the veldt.

The surplus eggs more than the ostriches can cover are hatched in an incubator — a machine calculated to destroy for the time being the most heavenly temper. Some imp of mischief seems to be perpetually at work, causing the thermometer to indulge in the wildest vagaries. The proper temperature is 103°. Perhaps one degree more heat would be wanting, so the lamps would be slightly raised, producing for some time not the slightest effect on the temperature, which would then unexpectedly go up, at a bound, and all the drawers have to be opened and jugs of cold water dashed wildly at the top of the incubator. As soon as the chicks are hatched they seem to begin to die off; and there is never the least hope of saving a sick ostrich, whatever its age. They are naturally long-lived; indeed, it is almost impossible to state the limit of their lives, as they do not in a state of nature show any signs of decrepitude, nor do their feathers deteriorate. Accident or stupidity alone seems to put an end to their career. Utterly incapable of taking care of himself, an ostrich resents being looked after by his human friends; and

when, in spite of all their precautions for his safety, he succeeds in coming to grief, he sullenly opposes every attempt to cure his injuries, and at once makes up his mind to die. If his hurt is not sufficiently severe to kill him, he will attain his object by moping and refusing to eat; anyhow, he dies, often apparently for no other reason than because his master, against whom he always has a grudge, wishes him to live. He seems to die out of spite, just as a Hindoo servant will starve himself and waste rapidly away, and then come and expire at the feet of the employer with whom he is offended. There was a certain old Dutchman who, by simply bringing one leaf of the prickly pear from Cape Town to Graaff Reinet, caused the whole region to be overgrown with it. The ostriches, with that equal disregard for their own health and the pockets of their owners for which they are famous, acquire a morbid taste for this prickly food, and go on indulging in it until their heads and necks look like pin-cushions, and the almost invisible fruit-thorns line the interior of their throats, besides so injuring their eyes that they become perfectly blind. Often was an unhappy bird brought in a helpless, half-dead state to be nursed; but no amount of care and attention was ever rewarded by the recovery of the patient. There it would squat for a few days, the picture of misery, its ugly neck lying along the ground in a limp, despondent manner, like a sea-sick goose on the first day of a voyage. Many times a day would food be forced down its letter-box of a throat; but all to no purpose. It had made up its mind to die, as every ostrich does immediately illness or accident befalls it, and most resolutely would it carry out its intention. The injury from which ostriches most frequently die is the fracture of a leg, and this accident often is owing to the dervish-like habits they have of waltzing when in particularly good spirits. They go sailing along in the bright sunshine, their beautiful wings spread giving them the appearance of white balloons, but they have an unfortunate tendency to become giddy and tumble down. Some birds can "reverse" as cleverly as a practised human dancer, but the accomplishment is rare. Sometimes they fight savagely, and in an instant one of the belligerents is down with his leg snapped across and all but knocked off by a frightful blow, and then his owner can only have the melancholy consolation of making him into soup.

When, as sometimes happens, a solitary chick is reared at the farmhouse, it becomes absurdly and often inconveniently tame. One called Jackie was the terror of all the little niggers about the place; for, as they sat on the ground with plates of rice and pumpkin in their laps, Jackie would bear down upon them, requisitioning from one plate after another. Occasionally he acted in such a menacing manner that the youngsters dropped their plates and ran away crying. Jackie would then squat on his heels amongst the *débris* and regale his enormous appetite at leisure. But one day retribution came. Having spotted the pot in the kitchen out of which the pumpkin and rice always came, he thought he would attack the fountain-head, so plumping his head into the pot, he greedily scooped up, and, with the lightning-like rapidity of ostriches, tossed down his throat a large mouthful of boiling rice. Poor fellow! the next moment he was dancing round the kitchen, writhing in agony, shaking his head nearly off, and twisting his neck as if bent on tying it into a knot. Finally he dashed wildly from the house, and the last that was seen of him was a little cloud of white dust vanishing on the horizon. On a large farm when the time for plucking arrives it is no easy matter to collect the birds. Men have to be sent out in all directions to drive the ostriches in from the distant spots to which they have wandered. Little troops are gradually brought together, and collected, first in a large enclosure, then in the plucking-kraal, and finally in the plucking-box—a most useful invention. In it there is just room for an ostrich to stand; he cannot possibly turn round, nor even kick. Two operators, one at each side, with a few rapid snips of the shears soon denude him of his long white plumes. The stumps are left in for three months, when the Kaffirs generally pull them out with their teeth. After the plucking comes the sorting into "prime whites," "blacks," "tails," etc. For some days feathers pervade everything. In fact, the house becomes almost uninhabitable. If an ostrich feather is held upright it is at once seen to be perfectly even and equal on both sides, the stem dividing it exactly in the centre; whereas the stems of other feathers are all more or less on one side. Perhaps this is the reason why the ancient Egyptians chose the ostrich feather as the sacred emblem of truth and justice, setting it upon the head of Ma, goddess of truth.

From The Economist.
FIRES IN COTTON.

IN November last a committee of London and Liverpool underwriters was appointed to inquire into the causes of fires in American cotton, and to suggest remedies. This committee appears to have prosecuted their work diligently, and although they are not yet prepared to make a final report, they have published the following statement of the conclusions at which they have arrived:—

The committee are unanimously of opinion that the causes of fires are sparks, smoking and matches, incendiarism, contact with oil, coupled with carelessness in handling, want of proper precaution in transit, and failure to enforce the regulations of port and municipal authorities, and that danger, from any of these causes, is enormously increased by the very defective packing, the insufficiency of the ties, and the method of sampling.

The change in the cotton-trade, whereby cotton is purchased in the interior instead of at the port of shipment, has resulted in pressure being brought to bear upon marine companies to issue policies covering cotton from time of purchase, no other means of obtaining continuous cover being practicable.

The evidence before the committee shows that from the commencement of the cotton season 1887-8, there have been practically no regulations in force to prevent cotton being forwarded from presses in the interior to Europe without adequate measures being taken for its protection; the old restrictions and regulations insisted upon by the fire-companies have been abandoned—the railway companies have endeavored to contract themselves out of their liabilities, and municipal authorities have become indifferent as to enforcing their regulations—and early in the season, an extraordinary rush of business occurred, especially at Atlantic ports, causing the employment of gangs of temporary stevedores, and resulting in general carelessness.

In addition to this, cotton presses and warehouses have not been regulated and inspected on the principles heretofore approved by the fire-companies; the method of packing and the material used have deteriorated, and have become altogether insufficient, allowing the cotton to sag out, and rendering the bale more liable to ignition. Railway companies use open cars, and, in some cases, cars which have previ-

ously carried petroleum and other inflammable articles—the cotton is piled in frame sheds, in open lots, and on decks of steamers, without protection either of watchmen or tarpaulins. Smoking, although nominally forbidden in most places, is practically permitted without much restriction; the use of spark-arresters on funnels of engines and steamers is by no means general, and mineral oil is freely used for lubricating presses and screws on board ships loading.

There is no direct evidence before the committee as to acts of incendiarism, but it is certain that the conditions of the carrying trade are such that a very large number of persons directly benefit when a fire occurs on a vessel which has nearly completed loading, and that such fires are frequently happening.

The committee are of opinion that the insufficiency of the packing is the chief cause of the liability of the cotton to catch fire. The packing of American cotton is vastly inferior to that of Indian, Egyptian, or Brazilian, which is entirely covered and properly bound, so that it is exceptional to find any of the latter cotton exposed after landing. American cotton, from the flimsy nature of the bagging, only partially covering the bales, and the insufficiency of the bands, comes away in considerable quantities, and the decks and holds of vessels loading and discharging are frequently covered with waste and fluff. It is evident this condition of things renders ignition by sparks, or other causes, exceedingly likely to occur.

This exposure is also much increased by the method of sampling, whereby two, and sometimes more, holes are cut in the side of the bale, without the covering being properly restored.

With regard to remedies, the committee are of opinion that the chief alterations required effectually to diminish the fires are,—the introduction of a more closely-woven material to cover entirely the bale, an increase in the number of bands, mending after sampling, and, if possible, the compression of the bale to an uniform size and weight.

At the same time they recommend that every means should be taken to enforce—

1. The inspection of presses and stores.
2. The use of closed yards.
3. The use of tarpaulins to cover cotton, whenever exposed.
4. The use of covered cars only on railways.
5. The use of vegetable oil only for lubricating presses and screws on board vessels loading, and further—

That pressure be brought to bear on municipal authorities to prohibit smoking and enforce the regulations as to watchmen, and the use of spark-arresters, and that, if possible, shipowners should be induced to adopt the plan of carrying the donkey funnel into the main funnel, and to use spark-arresters; also that shippers should not allow the railway companies to contract themselves out of their liabilities as common carriers, as thereby the inducement to care is much diminished.

The committee hope to be able to issue their report shortly, dealing with the whole question, including the conditions of insurance and tariff of rates, but, in the mean time, they consider it desirable to state that they are strongly of opinion that no country damage should be paid for by underwriters, and that all policies and certificates should contain the following clause:—

Warranted free from claims for country damage or damage from exposure during inland transportation, or previous to loading.

From The Times of Morocco.

OUR NEIGHBORS THE MOORS.

ALTHOUGH we speak of the Moors only as our neighbors, they consider themselves as our hosts, looking upon our sojourn among them as a visit, though this idea must be somewhat modified when they see us buying land and building houses, and otherwise "making ourselves at home." If we travel in the country in a private capacity we will find them most hospitable, but if we go on official business we will find them supplying our wants, and more, to the best of their ability, but with a muttered curse at the plague of having to supply "Nazarene dogs" from their scanty stores, at the command of their lord and master the sultan. The Moors, as a whole, may be considered a nation of gentlemen. Naturally, as there are exceptions to every rule, there are to this, but it is only necessary to raise a beggar from his poverty to comfort, and you will find him a gentleman. The "society" of Morocco is essentially democratic, yet the Moors have the deepest reverence for the prince of the faithful, the anointed of God, the sultan who rules their land. With this exception, and the respect due to his family and all other sheriffs, as descendants of Mohammed, there is no distinction made between the social status of one man and another. An official post

confers distinction on its occupier, but it may be to-day filled by a son of the sultan, and to-morrow by a *quondam* slave of ebony hue. Negro blood in one's veins is thought no disgrace, which is only just. The sultan himself is partly of negro descent, and the sheriff of Wazan, the head of the descendants of the Prophet in Morocco, is the son of a slave woman. Men who can read and write are always looked up to and respected for their superior attainments and the knowledge these enable them to acquire. But almost any youth can do as they did, and learn all the mysteries of the first two "R's." A wonderful bond of sympathy between all sections of the community is the feeling that all alike are subject to tyranny and oppression; that the most powerful official and the poorest beggar are in equal danger of being thrust into a pestilential dungeon on a trumped-up charge or no charge at all.

Once the sultans of Morocco amused themselves by chopping off their subjects' heads with their own hands, or having them "tossed" in their presence by four sturdy blacks kept always ready at hand to do their lord's bidding; in those "good old times" it was enough for a sultan to receive a present of a sword or a spear for him to call and decapitate the first unlucky wight on whom his sherifian eye lighted; or if any one offended him, to order him to be tossed forthwith, this operation consisting in being caught by the hips by the powerful blacks alluded to, and tossed as high as these gentry thought would satisfy their master. They became so skilful in this performance that by a preconcerted sign amongst themselves they could toss the victim high enough to fall on his head and be killed outright, or on his shoulder or hip as the case might be, in the latter cases leaving him for dead till the sultan was gone, when he would make the best of his way to his home to live or die according as it was written in his book of destiny. Until pardoned by the sultan no corpse could be removed from the spot where it fell, and when this did not happen in the "presence chamber," as when the victim was encountered in the streets, the body might lie till it became putrid or the dogs had eaten it. Now and again men were flogged to death by way of variety, and Muley Ishmael once ordered a man whom he saw pouring concrete into a mould on the walls of Fez too slowly to please his Majesty, to be bundled in along with it, which he accordingly was. Now, however, though we have to be thankful

that such shocking barbarities are no longer practised in this empire, our sympathies are aroused daily by the sufferings we see around us; innocent men thrown into prison on any pretence, there to linger forgotten till death relieves them of their misery. We cannot think that the present sultan, who is on every side represented as a humane man, takes any pleasure in incarcerating his subjects, although few governors escape a lengthened term of imprisonment inflicted with a view to causing them to disgorge what they have "squeezed" out of their fellow-subjects. In this land of social equality one may see

beggars and bashas on the most friendly terms, yet the former will always duly respect the power with which the sultan has intrusted the latter, equal to the former by birth. Towards the foreigner it is seldom that any unkindly feeling is exhibited, except when a similar feeling has been previously shown on the other side. The great secret is to treat the Moor as you would have him treat you, and there is little chance of an unsatisfactory result. Always willing to oblige, the Moors are ever quick to appreciate a kindness and return it when occasion offers.

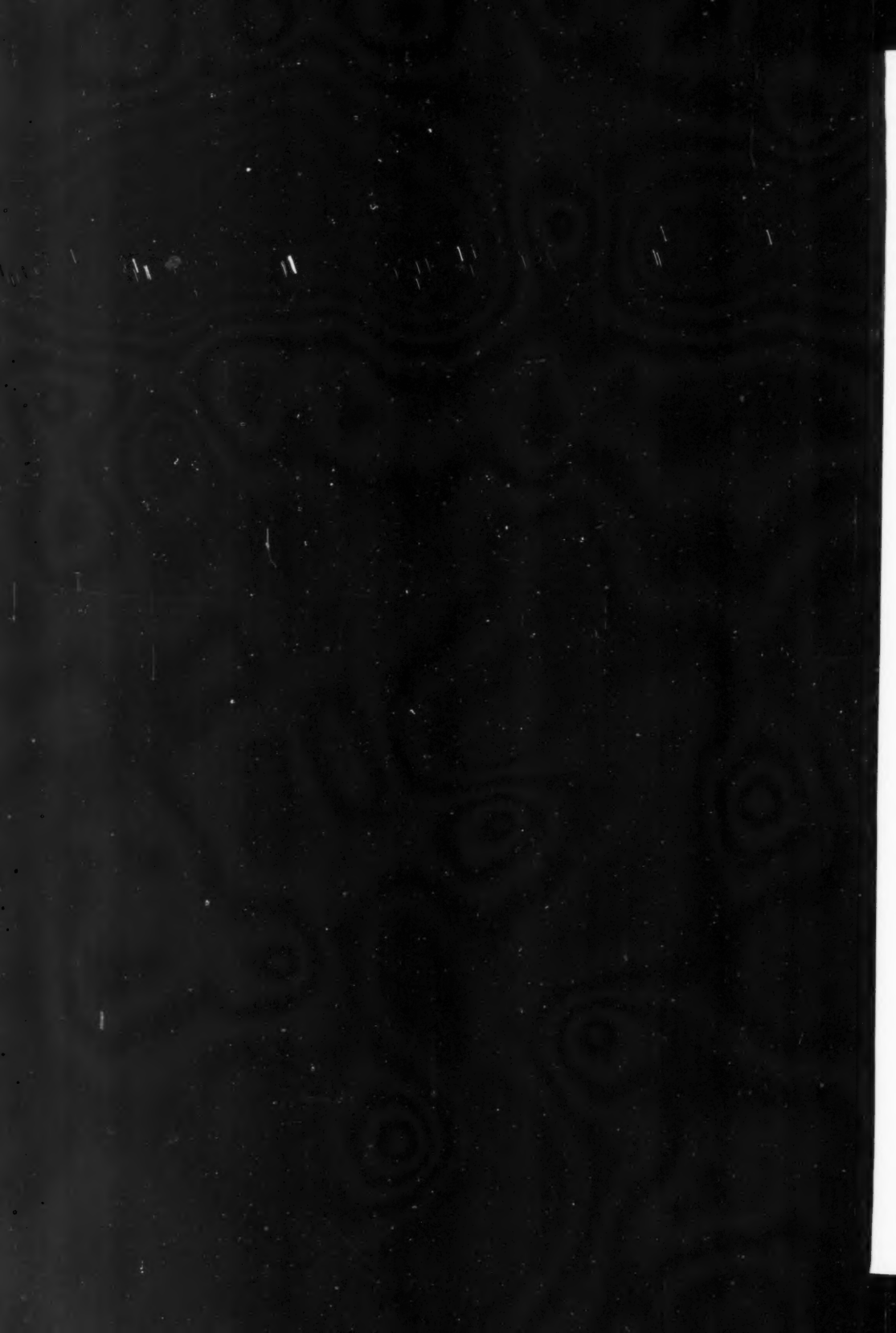
THE YOUNG PRETENDER.—A service described as a "solemn office for the repose of the soul of Prince Charles Edward Stuart" was celebrated lately at All Saints', York Street, Lambeth. The notice announcing the service drew attention to the date of the prince's death, namely, January 31, 1788, and also to the fact that January 30, the day of the celebration, was "the anniversary of the martyrdom of King Charles I." In the church, which contains many pictures and emblems indicative of advanced ritual, a few special preparations had been made for the occasion. In the chancel facing the altar a bier had been erected covered with a lilac pall, and it was surmounted and surrounded with lighted tapers. In conspicuous positions upon the choir-screen shields were fixed, bearing the initial "C" beneath a crown. The sermon, which was preached by Dr. Lee, partook of the nature of an exhortation to think kindly of the house of Stuart. He took as his text the words in the twenty-first verse of the first chapter of the Book of Job—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord"—which, he said, formed the last articulate utterance of him whose memory they were perpetuating that evening. Referring to the execution of Charles I., he asked whether any man living who knew the circumstances that led up to that tragic event would deny that it was one of the darkest and direst acts ever committed by this nation. As to the grandson of James II., could they refuse to recognize the heroism which he exhibited in the first part of his life, his nobility of character, his devotion to his country and religion? Surely the deep and bitter sorrows that he subsequently experienced in some measure made atonement for the weaknesses which were inherent in human nature, and were not absent in him. Remembering what had been

in the past, there was much for us to regret in the present. In the early days of the Stuarts there was such a thing as religious education; but now Christianity was divorced from education, and, towering over our old parish churches, board schools were everywhere erected from which, strangely enough, with the consent of our prelates, religious education was absolutely banished. Another point which gave food for thought was the doctrine that now prevailed that the monarch reigned only and did not rule, and that Parliament was really sovereign. If this doctrine of divided power were to lead to deplorable results there would be no cause for astonishment. Having referred to occasions in which the members of the house of Stuart showed themselves capable of great generosity, the preacher concluded by asserting the right of the congregation to pray for the dead, to pray that God's abiding mercy might be poured forth on a race who loved England and whom England loved.

NAUTICAL EPITAPH.—I copied the following inscription in the picturesque churchyard of St. Brelade's, Jersey, as it seemed above the average of such compositions. It occurs on the tombstone of "George Maret, drowned off Noirmont Point on June 23, 1882, aged 11 years and 7 months:—

Think of a Fisher Lad honest and sincere,
Not cast away, but brought to anchor here.
Storms had overwhelm'd him, but the conscious wave
Repented, and resigned him to his silent grave.
Sailed from this port on an eternal sea
Refitted in a moment then shall be
Till time's last signal blazes through the skies,
In harbor safe from shipwreck now he lies.

Notes and Queries.



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